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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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Reports of wonderfully rich gold discoveries in Alaska are being sent out by prospectors from that country.

The Government has commenced a suit against a Boston manufacturing firm for importing five female operatives in violation of the statute which prohibits the importation of foreign labor.

A paper in Crete, Neb., prints the announcement that the pastor of the Congregational Church will not preach for a month under the heading "Bully, if True." Possibly that clergyman dealt in seventeenthlies."

The Council of Eighteen now governing Hawaii is composed of several leading merchants and a number of Americrn and English adventurers. It is said to be more domineering than Kalakaua ever dared to be, and its rule is likely to lead to further troubles.

Mr. Claus Spreckels, the great sugar refiner, is reported to be contemplating the experiment of growing beet root sugar in this country in one of the Central Western States. It is claimed that the climate is similar to that in Germany and Austria, where beet root cultivation is a most important industry.

The results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracks of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey ten million acres of land suitable for cultivation have not yet been plowed. At the same time, 120 millions of acres are returned as waste land.

Another chap, who didn't know it was loaded, has got into trouble. J. O. Rudene, a Washington Territory farmer, owned a Holstein bull, worth $500, which was a little inclined to be cross. It got into the yard one day recently, and Mr. Rudene, intending to frighen the animal, loaded up his shot gun with an extra charge of powder and a large wad of paper. Then, placing himself squarely in front of his bullship, he let drive at short range, and instantly killed his $500 Holstein.

One by one our idols are torn from us and ruthlessly shattered, and the legends which have served to nourish the faith of innocence are blown to pieces by the horrible investigators and writer of commentaries. Captain John Smith's romance has been shown up as a prosaic affair, and even Washington's hatchet has been effectively disposed of, along with a hundred other historic pieces of hard and soft ware. Now comes Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, to prove that Shakespeare was not capable of writing even a signed editorial. He has written a book to prove that Shakespeare was a villain of the deepest dye, and that the writings attributed to the immortal Bard of Avon were works of Lord Bacon.

America's dairy interests represent an investment nearly five times as much as the entire bank capital of the country. The banking capital is a little less than $671,000,000, while the dairy interests amount to more than $3,000,000,000. The number of milch cows is 21,000,000, giving an aggregate annual milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons. Four billions of gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese, and the remaining 2,650,000,000 go down the throats of the 60,000,000 men, women and babies in this land of freedom. The value of the American dairy products for the last year was nearly $500,000,000, or $20,000,000 more than the value of our annual wheat yield, and nearly as much as the total value of our corn crop.

Interesting tables drawn from the last census are introduced by Prof. Henry C. Adams in his recent volume, showing how and where the bonds of the United States are held. Excluding the national banks and foreign holders, the number of persons and corporations receiving interest from registered bonds in the year 1880 was 80,802. This table included $300,000,000 of bonds that have since been paid off. So the number of holders must have been considerably reduced, perhaps to 50,000. Of these holders, 25,613 held between $50 and $500 each, and 52,841 held less than $2,500 each. The New England States held 17 per cent. of the whole, the Middle States 67 per cent., the Western States 13 per cent. and the Southern States 3 per cent.

The Albuquerque (N. M.) *Citizen* records the courage and presence of mind of a lady of that place. While in her garden picking berries she felt something bite her on the neck just below the ear. She quickly put her hand to the place when a centipede curled itself around her forefinger. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint or scream, but ran into the house, and finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved, and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A stretch of level meadow land,
By patches gray and brown between,
Save where long, intervening fields
Are brightened by the tender green
Of early wheat—a rippling stream,
Through sedgy banks, flows swift and fair
And glimpses of a village dim,
In distance, makes a picture fair.

Here on the edge, a lily pond,
'Neath crowded foliage, lithe as palms,
And daises coy, like country maids,
Peeping to catch reflected charms
In the blue mirror, flecked with white,
And there the lustrous lilies lie,
In a soft drowse, and, dreaming, hide
Their hearts of gold from curious eyes.

Sweet Christabel, with innocent brow,
My little maid, but twelve years old,
Stands smiling. "I would fain," she says,
"Find some one with a heart of gold
Like these pure, fragrant lily buds,
That bathe at will in air and dew;
If I could reach their garden bed
I'd make a wreath of them for you."

I break a slender alder stem,
The waxen beauties draw to shore,
A regal cluster, dripping pearls,
And still my darling asks for more;
Then platting swift the shining crown,
She litts it to my tresses' fold,
And cries with sudden tenderness,
"Yours, mother, is a heart of gold."

—*Mary A. Denison.*

THE ORIENTAL BOX.

BY EVELYN THORPE.

There was a chill in the night, but it was divinely still and clear. One of the windows opening from the library into the garden stood wide open. Hugh Leffingwell reveled in fresh air, in all hygienic rigors. Sixty winters had bleached his hair and seamed his imperious face; but they had been powerless to dim the keenness of his glance, to impair the athletic straightness of his build, to dull the unbending aggressiveness of his caustic temper, of his sardonic misanthropy.

It was a handsome, harsh, eagle-like visage on which the light of the low lamp fell. Presently the eyes wandered to the window and the block of white moonlight touching its threshold. Hugh Leffingwell rose, and with his hands crossed behind his back wandered out into the garden.

Under the quiescence of the night there was a vague stirring of spring, a vague premonition of a coming change. The stern man walking over the moon-bathed lawn on the outskirts of which the outlines of leafless boughs cast a fine inky tracery, a hair-drawn interlacement, lifted his face once or twice and the shadow of some emotion seemed to pass over it. Such a night brought back memories—memories not yet buried beyond resurrection, though the dust of long years lay heaped upon them.

At a turn of the walk the high encircling stone wall came into view. There was a little door in it, sometimes used by the gardener, but more generally closed and locked. It now stood ajar.

Hugh Leffingwell frowned. Carelessness in any department of the domestic machinery this autocrat who had retired from the world visited with relentless vigor. He walked forward with a quickened step.

At that moment, from the shadow of a clump of evergreen trees, a young man emerged and a young girl.

The girl turned white and with an instinctive gesture, as though half begging protection, half giving it, she laid her hand on the young man's arm. He was a handsome, beardless young fellow. He recovered himself quickly, and a look of determination which did him credit, settled about his mouth.

"Mr. Leffingwell—" he began.

"So!" interrupted the old man slowly, and as though the other had not spoken, "my timid niece deceives me, does she?"

"Uncle!" cried the girl, with trembling appeal, "I never meant to! If you would have allowed Hal to come to the house—"

"Allowed him to come to the house?" laughed Hugh Leffingwell. "No I don't think I was likely to do that!"

"Mr. Leffingwell," began the young man anew, "it would never have been my wish to enter your grounds secretly in this way could I have seen Stella in any other manner. To make her my wife is the dearest wish of my life—"

"Which, like many other dearest wishes, will go unfulfilled. And since I find that my own niece cannot be trusted, that she steals out of the house at night to meet young men at the garden gate, I shall see to it that something is done to restrain her propensities in that direction from now on."

And with the same unruffled, sardonic calmness, which to Stella was more dreadful, because more unusual, than one of his usual bursts of uncontrollable passion, Hugh Leffingwell took his niece by the arm, and, without a glance in the direction of the young man, led her back to the house.

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later Hugh Leffingwell was again alone in his library; but this time he was not reading. He had put down his niece's little love dream—"the romantic puppy love of those two young snips"—with his usual high-handed success, and he flattered himself that he could take such measures as would effectually make an end both to their sentiment and their deception in the future. He now dismissed the entire matter from his mind. He was not disappointed in Stella, he told himself. She was very fair, very delicate, a young angel to the sense of vision in her frail, soft beauty. But she was a woman, and, like every other woman, weak and false at heart. Did he, Hugh Leffingwell, not know the brood? The bitter old misogynist laughed shortly to himself. One was a good sample of the whole. They were all alike—all alike.

He had settled himself to his books and papers on first descending from Stella's room and deliberately turning the key of her door behind him. But, for some reason his thoughts wandered. The restless influence of this late March night seemed in a subtle fashion to have made its way into his blood. The memories which had come thronging about him like a troop of shadowy presences, vague, haunting, half defined, as he walked under the moonlight, rose again into nearer being, taking on a more vital shape, a more pressing attitude. We all have such moments, when the present recedes, and the past rushes into the vacant place with the force of a liberated tide when the dikes are opened. The dike may have been a strong one and high; it has stood through so many years that we may have forgotten the pent-up waters lying silent on the other side. But nature never suffers wholly a divorce from that which has been, and she has strange and unexpected touches wherewith to raise the spell of sorrow long exorcised, a weird power over dormant chords that suddenly go vibrating backward until they rouse a myraid echoes in the chambers of the dead.

For some time Hugh Leffingwell walked to and fro through the length and breadth of the silent library. All the house was still. If the elves and sprites of the night were abroad their revels were not more soundless than the subterraneous up-pushing of the coming blades of grass.

Presently the master of the house went to a tall desk in one corner of the room, and unlocking it with a key which he extracted from a metal box, he drew from the recess of a small drawer a second box—a wooden box of curious Oriental workmanship—long and rather flat. He had not looked at it for thirty years.

What made him take it out and open it to-night? He himself could not have told.

Slowly, and with a strange expression, he drew out the yellowed contents, and, sitting before the fire, laid them upon his knee. Two small bundles of letters, tied by a faded ribbon, emitting the dead, acrid, musty odor of objects long shut away from the air and the light, a lock of soft hair, a pressed rose—the old, old tokens. How do men of sixty, if they chance to have preserved any such embodied memories, usually regard them? With the genial laugh of the philosopher who has learned the relative value of things; with a half-Rabelaisian smile at the rememberances of that time when the blood ran warm and the pulse beat fast; with a saddened, senile shake of the head as the shadows of lost hopes and dreams pass in dim procession before the dulled and sluggish vision. But Hugh Leffingwell was a strange man—owned in his nature an adamantine fibre that refused to run into the molds which shape the development of other men. When he had last locked this box and its contents out of his sight it had been with a dark passion of scorn and hatred that through all the intervening years had survived, that had wrapped the whole course of his life and changed him into the gloomy recluse as which alone the few friends of his latter days had known him. And even now, as his nervous fingers untied the little bundles and the letters fell dispersed to the floor, the same look of hatred, the same scorn, flared up in his deep-set eyes.

Oh, yes; she had been pretty enough, the creature to whom these letters had been written! She had yellow hair, and a long, swan-like neck, and eyes like violets under water. And she had looked as true, as innocent, as saint-like—well, as that little chit of a Stella, whom he had caught keeping a tryst with the beardless boy he had turned from his door a month before! And yet there had seemed in her something stronger, something more vital, too. She had taken his soul captive; he, the self-centred man of thirty who had never loved easily, to whom to love at all was to love changelessly, with that absorption and exclusiveness which is more pain than pleasure to him who feels it. Hugh Leffingwell was a rich man now, but then he was poor and without standing, without opening, without prospects, save as he saw them in his own consciousness of strength, and as she professed to see them through her faith and her love. How steadfast seemed that faith of hers! How sweet—ah me—how sweet had been her love! . . . . That last night he had gone to her father's house she was all in white, with her yellow hair hanging in curls about her milk-white throat and a rose at her breast. . . . She had followed him out when he was going away, out upon the moon-checkered shadow of the porch. He was to be back in less than a month; no great journey. But the separation before them both seemed one of interminable years. . . . Three weeks had not passed before he heard that she was to be married. As he looked back it occurred to him that for days he must have been out of his mind. Fast as steam could carry him he hurried back. He believed nothing. She, with her own lips, must tell him that she had thrown him over. He forced himself into her presence. He heard the truth. Even then he doubted her own faithlessness. Her father, he knew, had never liked him. He besought her, he commanded her, to tell him that she had been coerced, driven, compelled into this marriage. She turned as white as the dead, but she spoke steadily. No one had compelled her. The man she was about to marry was rich—very rich.

"And you are marrying him because he is rich?"

She looked up at him.

"Yes."

He laughed. He turned and left the house.

A few weeks later she was married. She only lived a year. Two days after her death the box was brought to him by an old family servant whom she had trusted. "They was her last words to bring it," said the woman. Hugh Leffingwell opened it. It contained what he had expected—his letters to the girl he had loved, and more, a lock of her hair and a rose—the rose she had worn in her breast the night they parted before he went on his journey. The touch of these objects had burned his fingers.

He started up now from his sitting posture, and the box, which had lain on his knees, rolled off and struck the brass andiron of the fireplace before it fell against the tiles and near the red embers of the logs. With an instinctive motion, Hugh Leffingwell stooped and rescued it from its threatening doom. As he took it up it seemed to him that something rattled. He looked at the box more closely. He saw that it had a false bottom, which, sliding out through the force of the concussion, revealed a folded paper within. The most cursory examination of the interior of the box would have made its mechanism patent to the eye. But Hugh Leffingwell, on that day thirty years ago when he had received it, had crushed its contents back with a feverish hand and thrust it out of sight without a second glance, to remain undestroyed, but ever unopened till he himself should pass beyond.

He drew the paper from its long hiding place with a hand that had grown suddenly unsteady. So faint were the time-dimmed characters, written as in the feeble hand of one in great straits of illness, and so blurred had the old man's eyes become that he had to take the letter nearer to the light, and then pause a moment.

HUGH: They have told me that I cannot live, and I know myself that I am dying. I can speak now. Him whom the truth would have injured—my father—has passed away. Perhaps the telling of it can do no good now. If it were to do again I would do it. But you shall know it. My father had been guilty of forgery. Only by my marriage to the man who would settle upon me a large sum could he be saved. That is all. I could not tell you then. I made you think of me as badly as you could because I was afraid of myself. Good-bye. Perhaps you will never forgive me. But I loved you always.

MIRIAM.

* * * * * * *

When Stella came gliding down to the breakfast table the next morning her young face was wan, and the traces of a sleepless night and many tears were marked in purple circles about her eyes. She was a few minutes late, and she glanced toward the hearth rug where her uncle stood with a nervous apprehension. To her surprise, however, he made no comment.

She drew near timidly to wish him good morning, and then she saw how changed, how ill, how aged he looked.

"Uncle," she pleaded, full of a tender ruth that obliterated and forgot her own sorrows: "Are you not well?"

Instead of answering he put his arm about her shoulders and pressed her head forward so that he could read every suffering line of her face. It was like a bruised flower.

"Do you care for me, Stella?" he asked. "Have you any love, any affection, at all for me?"

"Uncle, uncle!" sobbed the girl, thrilled through and through by the altered tone of his voice, all her poor heart overflowing: "I love you dearly, dearly! If you would only let me!"

"Have I been very harsh to you, Stella?" he said again, still holding her, still in the same voice.

"No, no—I would always have been happy if you had only loved me a little," she said eagerly.

"Poor child!" He dropped his arm from her shoulder saw the smile that dawned through her tears.

"Yes," he said, speaking more to himself than to her, "I believe you do love me—cross-grained, hard, selfish old man that I have been—I believe you love me well enough to make a great sacrifice for me. Is it not so, Stella?"

She understood his meaning, and though her lips quivered, she impelled herself to utter the words bravely.

"I have been thinking of you many times since last night, uncle," she said. Her eyes were fixed on the ground and her voice was very low. "If—if you do not wish it—if you can never—never relent toward Hal—I will do as you think best." But the effort was almost too great for her strength.

"I believe you, child, I believe you!" said Hugh Leffingwell. He stooped over her and for the first time since she had been left to his sole charge, a wee infant, he kissed her forehead. "But it shall not be." He paused. His next words were unintelligible to her. "Two wrecked lives are enough." He looked down at her. He smiled. "Call Hal back,," he said.—*New York Mercury.*

A Young Man of Great Nerve.

"Speaking of nerve," said a Chicago club man, "I will tell you a story of a young man, the son of one of our largest manufacturers, who displayed the greatest nerve of any man I ever heard of. He was an officer in the navy, on one of the old hulks of our boasted squadron, which had the honor to escort General Grant on some of his excursions along the coast of China. The aforesaid hulk or vessel was off the coast of Japan, in that most treacherous of all seas, caught in a terrific gale. Everything was done to make her weather the sea, but the violence of the storm continued unabating, and it was found that the boat would go to pieces. The officers and seamen were called on deck, and it was the unanimous opinion that it was only a question of time, and a mighty short one, when she would succumb to the elements. The small boats were all put in order, a stock of provisions was placed in each, and the officers and crew were parceled off for the different boats. Everything was ready to put off at a moment's notice, and every one was expecting a terrible struggle for life, if not death by drowning.

"The suspense was something impossible to conceive unless one has had a similar experience. A man can look forward to being hung or shot with comparative intrepidity, but to face drowning is a torture of the soul most harrowing. This young man knew no fear, never knew any, and probably never will. He was born fearless and he cannot help it. While all the other officers and men were on deck ready and waiting to jump in their boats, he quietly remarked 'that as there seems to be nothing else to do, I'll go down and take a nap.' And he went down to his cabin and went to sleep. Fortunately the vessel rode out of the storm in a few hours and was safe. This young man of nerve was the hero of those terrible anxious hours, and his brother officers delight to repeat how he said 'as there seems nothing else to do, I'll go down and take a nap."—*Chicago Journal.*

Castle Garden.

When the immigrants come into the garden from the ships their names are taken, and if there is any mail for them they get it on the spot. Their tickets are then examined and they are then shipped off to their various destinations. Those intending to remain in the city are permitted to go to the boarding houses and hotels. None but licensed hotel runners are allowed to enter the garden, and none but those whose hotels are selected and examined by the emigrant commission appointed by the State. On each side of the garden is a refreshment counter. Solid food can be obtained here at prices regulated by the emigrant commission, and schedules of prices are stuck in different parts of the garden. According to recent testimony in the investigation, some of these prices are pretty high. The immigrant gets many privileges at Castle Garden which he undoubtedly would have to pay more for if he went out into the city. He can eat and sleep there after a fashion, and his average daily expenses for a week would probably not be more than 50 cents. The functions of Castle Garden are more those of lodging and eating house than anything else. The koh-i-noor of the hotel clerk is not to be seen there, and bell-boys are not numerous, but the guest are there, and they relish their coarse food as keenly as they would if it were cooked by a French chef.

Castle Garden, the immigrant's doorway to America, is an interesting place to visit.—*New York Letter.*

Our Dairy Interest.

The dairy interest of the United States has reached very great proportions, the capital invested being more than $3,000,000,000, or about five times the aggregate of the banking capital. The number of milch cows is 21,000,000, giving 7,350,000,000 gallons of milk yearly. Something over half of this is made into butter, and the balance is made into cheese or consumed by the men, women and babies without going through any other process. The value of the dairy product of the country last year is estimated at $500,000,000, which exceeds the value of the wheat crop and nearly equals the value of the yearly corn crop. As some one has put it, "Corn is king, but the cow is queen."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

He Hadn't—A Shoeless Damsel—The All-Important Question—Proof of Insanity—Comparisons Are Dangerous, Etc.

"Well, my little boy," he said to his neighbor's son, "so you've got back home, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been out in the country rusticating?"

"No, sir; we've been out in the country living on grandpa's folks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Shoeless Damsel.

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed a young lady who was fitting herself to a pair of boots in a Clark street store, the other evening, "there is Miss Blank, who lives next door to us on the Boulevard, and whose father is so rich—can you credit it—I knew her when she hadn't a pair of shoes to her feet."

"Impossible!" replied the dealer, "were they ever as that poor? When was it?"

"Oh, last summer, when we were East together, and she bathed at the beach at Newport."—*Chicago National.*

The All Important Question.

"Charley," she said, softly, "I often think what a noble thing it is to have a sphere and fill it as you ought."

"Have you?" returned Charley, after some study.

"Yes. And I have oftened wondered what my particular work in life is."

"Indeed!" replied Charley, after some hesitation.

"Charley, tell me, do you think I am fitted to make a home happy?"

"I dunno," said he, absently, "can you cook?"—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Proof of Insanity.

He was being examined as to his sanity before a jury, and a great deal of evidence had been introduced without proving that his mind was out of repair. Finally his sister was called upon for her testimony and was asked: "Do you believe your brother to be insane?"

"Yes; I know he is insane."

"What proof do you offer?"

"Best in the world."

"Let us hear it."

"Why, just yesterday I heard him tell his wife that she must really get a couple of new dresses and bonnets and not to think of the expense."

An application for his admittance to the asylum was made out at once.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Comparisons are Dangerous.

Johnny was guilty of an infraction of household law, and the frowning mother reached for her slipper.

"Here, mother," said Johnny, soberly, "if you're goin' to do anything like that use the fire shovel. Your slipper ain't half big enough to do any sort of good."

The slipper was a five, several sizes wider than the fire shovel, but Johnny's mother was a woman, and he got a cookie with rasins in it, in lieu of a paddling.

Two hours later Johnny related his scheme to little Dick, who stowed it away in his not very capacious tow-head for future use.

An occasion came betimes. "Mother," cried little Dick in his fulsome eagerness to be of service to the angry dame, "use the snow shovel. Your slipper is too big."

When little Dick recovered from the effect of the seance that followed, he sought out Johnny and gave him a sound thrashing.

Johnny's shrewdness, it is thus seen, could not preserve him from this result of another's stupidity, which is often the case in this world, and shows the folly of sharing a valuable but dangerous secret with a blunder-head.—*Binghampton Republican.*

Neither Bull Nor Bear.

Once down in Wall street it is hard to get away, as many a man knows to his cost. The sudden revival of interest in the career of the Northern Pacific Railway reminds me of an anecdote I heard Jay Cooke tell of himself when he was among the powers of the Stock Exchange and the chief promoter of that newly conceived railroad enterprise, the inspiration of which was the brilliant start made by the Union Pacific. According to his own assertion, Jay Cooke was not a speculator in the usual sense of that word. While his Northern Pacific was really a gigantic speculation, he was never an "operator" at the Stock Exchange. His failure was due not to gambling at the board, but to the investment of all his own and his depositors' money in advances for the construction of that road. Why he was not an operator he related as follows:

"Gentlemen," said he to the little party gathered about him, "I learned early in my experience Wall street that speculation was not my line. In the beginning of that experience I was a bull. I bought some stock, but the price went down, down, until I was very unhappy over the mistake I had made in not selling short. I jumped to the conclusion that I ought to be a bear. A bear I became, at once. I sold out that stock and sold as much more 'short.' Then the market changed and the stock went up, up, until I was just as unhappy as before. I covered at another heavy loss, and then I came to the conclusion that I was neither a bull nor a bear, but an ass."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Perseverance Rewarded.

He boarded the train at Rochester and came to the only vacant seat in the car, beside a young lady.

"This seat taken, ma'am?"

"No."

"Well, then, I guess I'll sit down."

Two minutes' silence.

"Have some peanuts, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you."

"Jiminy, don't you like peanuts? Just like my wife. My great holt is peanuts and bananers. Perhaps you'd like a bananer, ma'am?"

"No, nothing, thank you."

"Live up in Buffalo, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"P'rhaps you know my friend Cap'n Jack Sloan, lives down in Elk street."

"No, I don't know where Elk street is."

"By gol! and you live in Buffalo. Why, I've sold butter on Elk street market nigh onto twenty years. My name is Johnson. Your name ain't Jones, is it?"

"No."

"Tain't Williams, or anything of that kind?"

"No."

"That's what I thought. I don't s'pose now it's Brown or any o' them colors?"

"No."

"Been far?"

"Not far."

"Syracuse, mebbe; or Albany, eh?"

"No."

"No? gol! Hain't been to New York?"

"Yes."

"Jiminy, I've never been there, though I saw a pretty slick feller from there once. Them New Yorks is regular goers, ain't they? Any relations there?"

"Few."

"Gosh! Wonder if they know my cousin Jake. He's getting $10 a week jest to walk around a store and look slick. Your folks ever speak of Jake?"

"No."

"Jake and me bought some land out West last year. Ever buy any?"

"No."

"Don't. Jake and me lost $500. It was way at the bottom of the river. Ever been West?"

"Chicago."

"Jee, you hev traveled, ain't you? Father and mother living?"

"Father."

"Live in Buffalo?"

"No."

"Our folks live together down to Rochester. My father and mother have been dead long time. My wife's mother lives with us. Her name's Martin. That ain't your name, eh?"

"No."

"I was jest thinking you looked like a man I know in Buffalo named Waters. He ain't your brother?"

"No."

"We must be a comin' pretty near Buffalo. That there lot of tracks looks like it. You don't happen to live on Main street?"

"No."

"Then your name ain't Robinson?"

"No."

"You must have a curious kind of name. Sure it ain't Sanders?"

"Sure."

"Wal, here we be; can I help you gittin' off?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, is there a door-plate on your house?"

"Yes."

"Name on it?"

"Yes."

"P'raps you wouldn't mind tellin' what the name on the plate is?"

"Smith."

"Gol!"—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Remarkable Story.

A strange white man who, some months ago, settled in the neighborhood of Fairview, Ala., giving the name of George Wakes, became sick. When the doctor told him that his case was hopeless he sent for Mr. Adams, and asking to be left alone he made a most remarkable confession. He said to him:

"My time has come to die, and I want you to see that what I have to tell you will be made public. My name is not George Wakes, but Lee Simmons. I was born in Dallas, Texas, and am now twenty-seven years of age. My father, whose name was William Simmons, is dead, and is buried at Evergreen, Texas. My mother's maiden name was Lanford. When I last heard of her she was living at Ouachita Station, Ouachita County, Ark. After father died, and when I was but thirteen years of age, my mother sent me to school. There a cousin of my own name was my companion. One day on returning home I got mad with him. I went home, got my father's shotgun, watched for my cousin and shot him dead. That night I staid out until the family went to bed, when I stole in for my clothes, and since that night I have not looked upon the face of my mother. My people are all wealthy, and when they hear that I am buried here they will send for my body."

He then went on to say that from the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-seven he had never remained a whole month in one place. He made his way through the Indians overland to California, followed the Pacific coast north, and in time returned to the States; had traveled over every one of them, always being haunted by the memory of his crime and feeling remorse for his abandonment of his mother. As the hour of death approached he grew plaintive in his protestations, but at no time would he allow his attendants to remove the covering from his person. It was not until death had removed his power of resistance that the reason was made plain. There were found upon his body seventeen gashes cut with a knife, from one and a half to seven inches long. These scars were on his sides, but on his back were two gashes, one three inches, the other nine inches long. The scar of a bullet wound was found on his right arm. It looked as if he had run the gauntlet of many a hard fight. His body was buried in the graveyard of Pope's Church. Two hundred persons witnessed the interment.

Moccasin and Trout.

"Two summers ago," writes a contributor to *Youth's Companion*, "I rambled for several weeks, in company with an artist friend, among the Shenandoah Mountains. One August morning, while he sketched an old mill, I crept down upon a ledge of rock among the rhododendrons, and threw my trout hook into the shady pool below. I had scarcely taken my seat when I heard a splashing in the water near me, and, looking for the cause, I saw a fine spotted trout leap high in the air, and suddenly drop back into the water, when a furious commotion began. A huge water moccasin writhed and squirmed alternately above and below the surface of the water, while my spotted beauty darted back and forth, and I soon discovered that the two were engaged in deadly combat. My first impulse was to let them fight it out, and gratify my curiosity, but my sympathies all being in favor of the fish, and regarding him as the weaker party, I quickly drew near enough to slip my fishing rod between the two, and with a sudden jerk landed them on the bank above me. Strange to say, the force of the blow did not separate them, and stranger still, I found that it was the fish which held the snake with such a vice-like grip as to render it utterly powerless; nor did he let go his hold until I had given the snake several blows with my rod. As the brave fellow lay panting at my feet, I felt that he had made too good a fight to be ignobly sacrificed to my appetite, so taking him up I gently threw him back upon the bosom of the water. He lay there a few moments, as if to regain his self possession, then, while my friend and I called after him: Bravo!" he sped away to his native haunts, a wiser, and, I hope, a happier fish."

Every trace of the Colorado beetle has been destroyed in Germany by the timely use of disinfectants and tilling of the fields in which they first appeared.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Removing Warts.

It is now fairly established, says a writer in the *Medical Press*, that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hand and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnecia taken internally. M. Colrat of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epson salts morning and evening were promptly cured, M. Aubert cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

Treatment of Lockjaw.

T. B. McCord, of Royalton, Wis., writes as follows to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean:* In your weekly issue of July 26 you give a wonderful and successful treatment of lockjaw. While it gives to the public a radical cure, how much better it would have been for Mr. Kellher to have used the following simple remedy when first hurt:

Go into the back kitchen, take an ash pail, fill it about one-eighth with common ashes; then put in a good shovelful of live coals; put in woolen rags enough to make a good smoke; put the foot into the pail (undressed); use an old blanket over top of pail and close around the leg; let it smoke twenty or thirty minutes; renew the rags and coals as needed to keep it hot, and you will be greatly surprised to see how quickly pain will disappear either from a bruise, sprain or nail cut. I took this receipt from the *Herald and Presbyter*, published in Cincinnati, O., twelve years ago, tried it often and have never known it to fail when used in time.

Measles.

Measles begin with the symptoms of a bad cold; hoarseness, a cough, sneezing, and weak eyes. On the fourth day a rash appears on the forehead, spreads over the face, and extends to the body. It is a darker red than the rash in scarlet fever, and feels slightly raised to the touch. When the rash first comes out it looks like flea bits arranged in little half moons on the skin.

The great danger is of taking cold, which may bring on inflammation of the lungs, and of injury to the eyes from over use, or exposure to too strong a light.

The patient should be kept in bed in a well-ventilated room at a temperature of sixty-eight degrees. The window must be lowered a few inches, at the top, if possible, the opening being covered with a strip of flannel to prevent a draught. As fresh air is indispensable, if this makes the room too cold, a fire must be lighted to counteract it.

A warm sponge bath should be given each day, folded blankets being placed over and under the patients in bed, the night-dress removed and the hand holding the sponge being passed under the upper blanket while bathing to avoid exposure. The window should be shut during the bath. If the rash causes much irritation it may be rubbed with cosmoline or sweet oil.

The eyes should be carefully shaded from the light, and no reading permitted until they are strong again. Serious inflammation and permanent weakness of the eyes may follow, if these precautions are not taken. It is often very hard to keep a child amused and happy under these restrictions. This is one of the difficulties that a good nurse will overcome, and she must remember that the child's comfort during life may depend upon the care it receives at this time.

To avoid cold, all clothing should be warmed and aired before being used. A flannel jacket worn over the night-dress is a great protection.

If delirium comes on, and the rash suddenly disappears, the sufferer should be put into a warm bath containing four tablespoonfuls of mustard to each pail of water, taken out after a few minutes, quickly dried with warm towels, and wrapped in blankets until the doctor comes. If the child has a quick pulse and seems very sleepy, the breathing should be carefully watched to detect any symptoms of trouble with the chest.

Milk should be the chief article of diet. It may be used in gruel, custard, and blanc-mange, and varied with beef tea, chicken broth, mutton broth, toast, and any light food.—*Youth's Companion.*

Captal of Mexico.

The City of Mexico, capital of the republic, with a population of about 250,000, as is well known, is situated on ground that formerly was an island in Lake Texcoco. The name is derived from Mexitli, the Aztec war god. In brief, the story of its origin runs thus: The Aztecs, while wandering about the country, met a rival tribe, the Colhuans; being defeated in battle and pursued, they marched to the valley of Mexico. An oracle had commanded them not to found a city until they had come to a spot where an eagle should be seen standing on a rock. They shortly after beheld, in their wanderings, an eagle perched on a cactus growing out of a rock; hence they founded a city, calling it Tenochtitlan—meaning "cactus" upon a rock." Under this name it was the capital of the old empire of Anahuac. Hence on the national flag, as also on some of the coins, will be seen the device of an eagle with a serpent in its beak, perched on a cactus protruding from a rock. The city has an elevation of 7,400 feet above sea level, and a mean temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit.—*New York Evening Post.*

Where the Sun Shines at Midnight.

A Namaka (British America) letter to the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer* says: I am within 800 miles of the Arctic Circle, where the sun may be seen at midnight in the summer, and in winter it is night in the whole twenty-four hours. Even where I am now I do not think that the light of the sun is entirely gone at midnight, for at 11 o'clock I could see it, and, going to sleep then, I did not awaken till 3, and at that time the dawn of day was plainly seen.

Needs Confirmation.

The latest theory advanced, that, by an order of Providence, three per cent. more men than women are born in war time, while three per cent. more women than men are born in peace, we are inclined to regard as needing confirmation. It is not probable that Providence has an open eye to the battles that are going on upon the earth's surface, or makes a special interposition to repair the losses men create by their own crimes or follies.—*Boston Herald.*

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

I am past my three score years and ten;
I have quaffed full cups of bliss and bane;
Grown drunk on folly like other men,
With its present sweet and after pain;
I have had my share of cloud and sun;
And what is it all, when all is done?

We have had our frolic, Life and I;
Jovial comrades we used to be.
Full sails to-day, with a silver sky,
Anon dead calm and a sullen sea.
Now I fear the waves, so I hug the shore
With my tattered sail and broken oar.

I have worn love's flower upon my breast,—
And said my prayers to a woman's face.
The saints forgive us! If men addressed
Such orisons to the heavenly Grace,
They would upward mount, as strong birds do,
And answer bring from the heavenly blue!

I have known the best that life can hold
Of fame and fortune, love and power.
And when my riotous blood grew cold,
I cheered with books the lingering hour;
Banqueting on the costly wine
Which Genius pours from her flagons fine.

Yet I would rather lie to-day
Where orchard blooms drift down their snow,
And feel lost youth in my pulses play,
Its rosy wine in my hot cheeks glow;
I would rather be young, and foolish, forsooth,
Than own the baubles we buy with youth.

I would barter fortune, fame, and power,
All knowledge gained of books and men,
For my old delight at the first spring flower,
A robin's egg, or a captured wren
From its nest hid under the tossing plume
Of a sweet, old-fashioned lilac bloom.

With the world's stale feast I am surfeited;
I long to day for the old-time thrill
At the purple pomp of a pansy bed,
Or the fresh spring scent of a daffodil.
Alas, I shall never be thrilled again!
I am old. Yes; past three score and ten.

—*May Riley Smith, in the Cosmopolitan.*

PITH AND POINT.

Dry goods—Crackers.

The salient features of a regatta are the yachts.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

By a wise provision of Providence, close beside the little tree on which nutmegs grow, often stands a greater.

The reason drunken men seldom go down is because the whisky makes their head swim.—*Duluth Paraprapher.*

Advice to young ladies who are setting their caps: Use percussion caps so that the "pop" may be heard.—*New Haven News.*

"Butter is up," says a market report. Exactly. We have seen butter that no four men could hold down.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Fond Wife—"Would you believe that Mrs. Eccles, next door, speaks seven languages?" Fond Husband—"Certainly I would; she's got tongue enough to speak fifty.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Bessie, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am. Maybe it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma. I heard mother say that she took it at school."—*Times-Democrat.*

When little Bessie was taken to the menagerie, the first thing her eyes lighted on was the Bactrian camel. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "look at that cow with two bustles on!"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Cashier's Wife (reading)—"The advantages of paper are in its lack of bulk. A man could easily carry $40,000,000 if in $10,000 bills. Cashier (meditatively)—"Well, well. I never thought of it."—*Omaha World.*

A tortoise recently found had engraved on its shell, "Adam, year 1." The man on whose property the tortoise was found recognized Adam's signature. Adam used to drive team for him, but he cannot imagine why he didn't add the other three figures—886.—*Norristown Herald.*

THEIR PROSPECTS SPOILED.

They thought to have a cottage neat
With honeysuckles twining,
And live in lovers' transports sweet,
All other cares resigning.

The goal of peace they thought to win
And happily through life

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1887.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1887.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirty-fifth volume on January 1st, 1887.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1887.

—With the end of the year the PEOPLE'S PRESS will close its thirty fifth volume. We would urge our delinquent subscribers to settle up without delay as we need money to carry on the business.

Snow at Staunton, Va., Wednesday morning.

The President has issued his proclamation appointing November 24th as a day of Thanksgiving.

The Daily Raleigh *Visitor* entered upon its 18th volume on the 22nd instant.

The display at the State Fair was better than usual, and the attendance good, but the bad weather marred the enjoyment very much.

At the meeting of the Undertakers of this State, a State Association was formed with J. W. Brown of Raleigh, President; F. H. Vogler, of Salem, Secretary; J. M. Barnes of Henderson, Treasurer. The next meeting will be at Asheville, on the 2nd Tuesday of July 1888.

—The *State Chronicle*, one of our most valued exchanges, is now in its third year, under the management of Josephus Daniels. It has largely increased its circulation, and deservedly so. It is one of the best weeklies in the State.

—The Postmaster General will make a favorable report of his department. He thinks it will soon be self supporting. Two years ago there was a deficit of $9,000,000. He thinks it will not exceed $4,500,000 now.

—Thomas Nast, the famous caricaturist, report says, is to start a pictorial paper of his own. He is said to have made a fortune by his work on *Harper's Weekly*.

STATE NEWS.

— Charlotte *Hornet:* It is said that the recent cold weather has done much damage to the growing cotton.

—Wilkesboro is to have another paper—a Republican paper. It is to be published by Messrs. Frederick & Miller, a couple of West Virginians.

—Wilmington *Review:* Steamboatmen report that there is about two feet of water on the shoals in the Cape Fear. This makes navigation very difficult for loaded steamers.

—The *Raleigh Christian Advocate* has appeared in a new outfit, out and out, head and all. It is a handsome paper and a very excellent one—an honor to its editor, to the State and to the Methodist Church.

—Lenoir *Topic:* Ex-Sheriff Lewis S. Hartley, aged about 73 years, walked 7 miles to the mountains, one day last week and picked up a bushel of chestnuts. A good day's work for our hale and hearty old friend.

—In Alamance county John McPherson, a half breed, sued Zeno Woody, a Quaker farmer, for $2,000 claiming that Woody "had paralyzed his arm and addled his head by striking him with a hay pole." The defendant won,

—High Point *Enterprise:* The growth and progress of High Point during the summer has been wonderful, considering the great stringency of the times. —— Since October of last year the National Bank of High Point has increased its business 50 per cent.

—Beaufort *Record:* One of the menhaden crews put their nets around a school of blue fish last week and caught about 225 barrels. They salted 100 barrels or more and then distributed the remainder to the poor, the lame, the lazy, the halt and the blind.

—Lenoir *Courier:* Frank Smith was arrested last Saturday in Lincoln county for burning Ambrose Reindardt's barn, which, together with one mule, a cow and other contents had been consumed a few days before. He was taken to Newton and placed in jail in default of bond.

—Statesville *Mail:* The postmaster at Statesville wrote to the Postmaster General for permission to close up the office in order to go to the depot to see the President pass next Friday. He received an answer to by all means go and take his friends along and cheer the President when he passed.

—Mt. Airy *News:* The *News* was favored by a call last week from J. T. Patrick, State immigration agent, and Mr. Peter M. Wilson, of the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. These gentlemen are preparing a hand book giving a full sketch of the towns along the C. F. & Y. V. Our town and county will be written up in glowing style, and many illustrations of our best buildings and finest scenery will adorn the pamphet.

—Asheville *Citizen:* Col. J. K. Hoyt, of Turnpike, reports a good crop of second growth apples now on his trees, the apples being as large as hickory nuts. ——Minister and Mrs. Curry, and Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Pearson and family, left Richmond Thursday for New York, whence they will sail at once for Spain.

—Rev. Mr. Pearson, the evangelist, who did such good work in Charlotte last fall, will open a series of meetings in Salisbury to-day. One of the large tobacco warehouses will be used as the place for holding the meetings, and the people of that town will find before the meetings close, that their largest building will prove none too large for the crowds. —*Charlotte Chronicle.*

—Messrs. John C. and B. F. Tipton, well known North Carolina journalists the former as editor of the Lincolnton *Press* and Newton *Enterprise*, and the latter of the Gaston *Current*—completed their arrangements last week, in Salisbury, for the publication of a new weekly newspaper in that city.

— Shelby *Aurora:* Mrs. Mary Houser, who lives near Polkville, met with the misfortune of having her home recently destroyed by fire. She lost everything by the fire, which caught from the chimney, last week. ——Amos Owens, who is a celebrated Ku Klux and Moonshiner, went three times to Albany penitentiary, where he spent about 10 years, was in Shelby Monday.

—Raleigh *Visitor:* The 12:45 train which left the Raleigh Fair grounds ran over and probably killed G. B. Taylor, from Goldsboro. At the time he was on his way back and at the junction. As the train struck him it cut off both legs and injured him in the body. He was taken to St. John's Hospital by the police, where he died next day. This is the first fatal accident that ever happened at the Fair Grounds.

—Montgomery *Vidette:* The result of operations at the Genessee mine for the month of September is reported to have been in the neighborhood of $25,000. —— We learn that on last Thursday night, while in liquor, Ed Mills and Robt. Lisk severely beat and cut one J. B. Middleton, a miner, of Davidson county, and left him lying in the road near the Coggin mine. Thinking their victim was in a dying condition, his assailants fled to parts unknown, and as yet have escaped arrest. Since the occurrence we learn that Mr. Middleton's wounds are not considered dangerous, and that he is likely to recover.

—A very remarkable piece of information concerning the mining interests of North Carolina was gathered yesterday from the highest authority. In the past 90 days no less than $2,100,000 has been capitalized in three gold mines—$1,000,000 in one, $700,000 in another, and $400,000 in a third. There is another very large investment about to be made in this direction. The mining interests, both gold and iron are looking up. A blast was fired at the gold mine of the Marion Improvement Company, in McDowell county, a few days ago, and 7 pounds of pure gold was the result. Thomas K. Bruner, one of the best authorities in the State on these matters, gives this information. — *Charlotte Chronicle.*

—The recent wreck on the Air Line road was a costly one to the Richmond & Danville Company. It is estimated that the wreckage of rolling stock and damage to goods alone will amount to $25,000, and parties who are in a position to know say that if the company get out with a loss of not less than $50,000 it will be fortunate. The passenger engine destroyed was one of the large new engines built especially for passenger service on the Richmond and Danville, and cost $7,000. The freight engine was an old one and valued at $5,000. No attempt will be made to repair the engines for there is not a sound piece of machinery left in the whole wreckage. The engines were as completely destroyed as if workmen had taken sledgehammers and broken them to pieces.

—Charlotte *Chronicle:* In Laurinburg, one day this week, a difficulty occurred between Mr. John Powers, an engineer on the Carolina Central road, and a school teacher, whose name we failed to learn. The teacher had severely whipped a little child of Mr. Powers', and when the parent and teacher met, the teacher was knocked down. Mr. Powers was arraigned before the Mayor, and fined $2. ——The *Chronicle* was yesterday informed of a very sad case of burning from the use of kerosene oil in kindling a fire. Miss Delphine Henderson, of El Dorado, Montgomery county, was the victim. On the 12th inst., she attempted to light a fire by the aid of kerosene oil, when the can exploded and her body was literally covered with the burning fluid, and before assistance could arrive she was so badly burned that there was no possible hope of her recovery.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 19.—A severe storm has prevailed here since midnight. At 9 o'clock this morning the barometer 29.16, the velocity of the wind being 48 miles an hour. Many trees and fences were blown down. Reports from plantations along Morgan's Railroad, from Morgan City to New Orleans, show that almost all the sugar cane has been blown down. The rear portion of this city, west of Claiborne street, is inundated to a considerable extent.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 19.—The rainfall last night was two inches. The floating grain elevator, Jennie Armstrong, had her tower blown off. A small Catholic church, in course of construction at the corner of Louisiana avenue and Chestnut St., was partly demolished. The church fell on an adjoining house, causing considerable damage. News from the cane belt shows great damage by the storm. It began to blow at Jeanerette yesterday morning and continued all day. Cane all along the road between there and this city was blown flat in the fields.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT ASHEVILLE AND THEIR JOURNEY THROUGH THE STATE.

The Scenery Along the French Broad River Greatly Enjoyed — Echoes from Other Places

Special Telegram to the Charlotte Chronicle.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Oct. 21.—President and Mrs. Cleveland did not retire until one a. m. Their idea in sitting up until that hour was to favor the citizens of Cleveland, Tenn. A stop of a few minutes was made at that station during which time the executive shook hands with several hundred citizens of the town which bears his name. After a good night's rest the members of the Presidential party arose at 7 o'clock and breakfasted at nine. At Hot Springs Senators Vance and Ransom joined the party as an escort to Asheville. When Asheville was reached at ten minutes after ten on eastern time, a stop of half an hour was made and the President and his traveling companions were driven through the pretty little town. Every one is feeling well, and enjoying the grand scenery along the French Broad river.

THE DEMONSTRATION IN ASHEVILLE.

ASHEVILLE, Oct. 21.—[Special.]—The Presidential party arrived here at 10:10 a. m., and was met at the depot by the committee of reception. They were driven up the avenue from the depot to Battery Park hotel, and there the immense procession paused for a view. The mountains in the distance could not have presented a lovelier picture than that at which the party gazed. The elegant grounds of Battery Park and the beautiful building was crowded, as it was known that the President and his party would stop there for a few minutes. The procession was immense. Besides the three scores of carriages, there were twelve hundred men on horseback, one hundred and fifty of whom preceded the President, and they were aided by the mounted police. Men from every section of Western North Carolina, anxious to see the first Chief Executive of the United States who ever visited Asheville, were here either on horseback or on foot. It is estimated that there were 14,000 visitors in the city, and of the inhabitants some six thousand turned out to see the distinguished guests of the occasion. It was a great day for Asheville. The city had three times as many people in it as ever before. After leaving Battery Park Hotel the procession went down Patton Avenue, under a triumphal arch over Main street, past the Swananoa Hotel which was handsomely decorated, on to Fernherst street. The President said that this was one of the most superb and enticing mountain views he ever gazed upon. The city was decorated in most elegant style and every body was on a holiday. The enthusiasm was possibly more pronounced than at any point the President has visited on his trip. The weather was fair and beautiful, and everything went off pleasantly.

A BIG CROWD AT STATESVILLE.

STATESVILLE, Oct. 21.—[Special.]—A great crowd was at the depot to see President Cleveland. Train ran slowly past station at 3:30 p.m., without stopping. The President, Senator Ransom and Congressman Henderson were on the rear platform, and President Cleveland bowed and smiled pleasantly to the multitude which cheered him heartily as the train rolled passed.

THE PRESIDENT SHAKES HANDS WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

SALISBURY, Oct. 21.—[Special.]—A very large and enthusiastic crowd, variously estimated at from three to five thousand people, greeted the President on his arrival at 4:25 p. m. The Salisbury band played appropriate aires while Mr. Cleveland was besieged with hand shaking. The train changed engines and conductors and was delayed fully fifteen minutes, giving time for many hand shakes. The President called out for the little boys and girls to shake hands with them. On the platform were Hons. J. S. Henderson, J. S. Carr and M. W. Ransom. Mrs. Cleveland was tired out and could not be seen. The cars pulled out at 5:40 with Engineer Witherspoon, Conductor John A. Gee and fireman T. S. Inges in charge. Cheer after cheer went out, "Hurrah for our next President." It was the finest body of people ever assembled in Salisbury.

FIVE MINUTES' STOP AT GREENSBORO.

GREENSBORO, Oct. 21.—[Special].—The Presidential party passed through Greensboro this evening at 6 s'clock. A stop of about five minutes was made. There was no formal reception, but about 1,000 people were here at the depot and enthusiastically cheered Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, who appeared on the rear platform and gracefully acknowledged the salutes during the brief stay. The President was kept busy shaking hands with the ladies and gentlemen who got within reach and when the train drew out it was followed by hearty cheers and good wishes, all present declaring that Mrs. Cleveland is handsome enough to be mistress of the White House for a second term.

SHAKING HANDS AT DANVILLE.

DANVILLE, Va., Oct. 21.— Mrs. Cleveland has received a number of very handsome floral pieces during the afternoon. The run from Salisbury has been without special incident excepting at this station where, in response to a great deal of demonstration the Executive shook hands again. The special is on time.

PASS LYNCHBURG ALL RIGHT.

LYNCHBURG, Va., October 21.—The special passed here at 11 o'clock. All well. The schedule time for arriving at Washington is 6:40 a. m., and the railroad people expect to get us there on time.

ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The Presidential train drew into the Baltimore & Ohio depot this morning at twenty minutes before seven o'clock, schedule time.

There has not been a day since the train left the Capitol on September 30th, that the drawing-room of the President's car has not been decorated throughout with fresh flowers received from friends along the line of travel, and, indeed, during the greater part of the time it has been impossible to carry the floral offerings on the train. In many cities the flowers presented to the President and his good lady have been distributed among the orphan asylums and other charitable institutions. Probably one of the most thoughtful incidents of this character was in Kansas City, where choice, fresh flowers were sent to the persons injured by the accident on the cable railway. From first to last the trip has been a thorough success.

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND ARE PLEASED

with what they have seen and the many congenial acquaintances they have made. Without a single exception the citizens of every city visited, irrespective of politics, have shown the most profound respect for the distinguished travelers, used every effort to make their stay pleasant and manifested deep regret when the time came to say "goodbye." The President during the trip often spoke of the many elaborate decorations and illuminations of farm houses and appeared to be specially pleased with the honor bestowed upon him by that class of people. It is no exaggeration to say that the "swing" through eighteen States and covering upwards of 4,500 miles has been one of the most complete ever made in this or any other country.

North Carolina Improvement Notes.

From the Manufacturers' Record.

Asheville—Richmond Pearson will build a fine residence to cost about $80,000.

Durham—J. T. Pinnix & Co. have let the contract for a five-story prize factory, 120x140 feet.

Egypt—some old coal mines are being reopened and will be developed.

Fayetteville—Arrangements are being made, it is said, to start a pants factory.

Henderson—The Richmond and Danville Railroad Company have purchased a site for a passenger and freight depot.

Hendersonville—The water-works reported last week as projected will cost about 12,000. A sewerage system will be constructed also. Jas. B. Davis can probably give information.

Hillsborough—There is talk of a cotton factory being erected. Jos. A. Harris can give information if anything is done.

Indiantown — F. Rhem & Sons contemplate building a tram road from the Georgetown & North Carolina Narrow Guage Railroad to Intown, 12 miles.

Monbo—The Monbo Manufacturing Company will put in a new water wheel and looms, previously reported.

Raleigh—Van Gunder & Young, of Philadelphia, Pa., will start marble works. George B. Hiss will be the manager.

Raleigh—Efforts are being made to secure the extension of the Nashville branch of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad (office Wilmington) to Raleigh.

Raleigh—There is talk of building a narrow guage railroad from Raleigh to Fayetteville.

—Reidsville—The saw mill of J. H. Walker & Co., reported last week as burned will probably be rebuilt.

Salisbury—It is probable that a company will soon be formed to erect the cotton factory. Mr. J. J. Bruner can give information as soon as anything is accomplished.

Smithville — The Consolidated Land & Lumber & Transportation Co., capital stock $500,000, has been chartered by Jerome B. Graybill, Martin Van Buren, Oscar S. Stearns, C. Calver Egerton, Edwin D. Worcester, Jr., and others. Will manufacture lumber, &c.

Thomasville — An electric light plant will be erected soon.

Waynesville — Haywood county has voted a $100,000 subscription to the Carolina, Knoxville & Western Railroad.

Wilkesboro — Mr. Wade has received contract to build six miles of railroad.

Wilmington—A cedar ware factory is reported to be established.

—Raleigh *News-Observer:* Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., of this city, preached in Boston last Sunday. He has received two calls recently, one from Boston with a salary of $5,000 attached, and one from Philadelphia with the same salary.——A gentleman from Johnston county, who was in the city yesterday, reported that hogs were being destroyed by hundreds and even thousands in Johnston by the cholera. The epidemic is spreading, and it seems impossible to check it.

One of Jeb Stewart's Veterans.

No man is mentioned in the life of Jeb Stewart with more honor for bravery and dash than the gallant Major B. S. White, of Barnesville, Maryland. The Major was one of the most trusted of the famous cavalryman's staff. The Major, for years since the war, was an invalid, but recently he has entirely recovered. How this was brought about is told in the following letter:

BARNESVILLE, MD., June 25, 1887.

Gentlemen—For over sixteen years I had rheumatism in my right shoulder. At the same time I had severe indigestion and dyspepsia. All during these years I tried several physicians and numerous patent medicines, but without getting any permanent relief. A few months ago, at the persuasion of relatives, but with decided prejudice, I began a course of S. S. S. After using six large bottles I was entirely well. The medicine got at the root of the disease and eradicated it. With the disappearance of the rheumatism also went the indigestion and dyspepsia. I have gladly recommended your S. S. S. to my neighbors and countrymen, because I am convinced of its efficacy, it having cured me in spite of every prejudice.

Yours truly, B. S. WHITE.

Treatise of Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poison, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been healed, and my health is restored. I am grateful for the good it has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Announcement.

We have just received direct from Northern cities, and are now opening an entirely New and Fresh Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions, Plain and Fancy Groceries, a full and complete line of Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Drugs and Crockery, and everything generally kept in a first class General Merchandise Store.

We have purchased at the lowest cash figures, and will sell at the lowest possible margin. We hope by fair dealings and polite attention to all persons to merit a fair share of the public patronage. Mr. Clinard cordially invites all his old friends and the public generally to come and see him. With an experience of 40 years in the mercantile business he feels flattered that he can please his friends of the past and hopes to add many to the list of those whom he has waited upon.

Very respectfully, yours,

CLINARD & BROOKES.

Pfohl & Stockton Old Stand, Salem, N. C.

THIS MEANS YOU.

When in need of Nails, Horseshoes, Axes, Hoes, Mattocks, Stoves, among which may be found

THE CELEBRATED

R. E. LEE COOK,

Farming Implements of all kinds, Machinery of every description, or, in fact, anything in the

HARDWARE LINE

go to R. R. CRAWFORD'S, who keeps a large and complete stock of the best quality of

HARDWARE

which he sells at bottom figures.

DON'T—FORGET—THE—PLACE.

R.R.CRAWFORD,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N.C.

FAMILY BIBLES.

Persons wishing FAMILY BIBLES will please call and examine styles and prices at the Salem Bookstore. JOHN H. ZEVELY.

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Wounds, Corns, Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin Cracks, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Screw Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

needs no introduction to the people of the United States. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal** applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.

The housewife needs it for general family use.

The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men.

The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency.

The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.

The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.

The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.

Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

-:NURSERYMEN:-

—AND—

-:TREE DEALERS.:-

A RARE BARGAIN IS OFFERED BY the undersigned, in a

Very Fine Lot of Apple and Peach Trees,

consisting of from 6,000 to 8,000, all over 4 feet; about one-third are 2 years Peach, and remainder 2 years and 3 years Apple—fine trees and choice varieties.

I would be pleased to receive offers for the above stock from any responsible party, as I am anxious to dispose of it at an early day, and in order to do so, will sell at

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

Farmers and Orchardists, in fact all who want or need a lot of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c., should not fail to examine

MY STOCK AND PRICES

before placing their orders for Fall planting, as I have some rare bargains to offer, and quality considered, I don't propose to be UNDERSOLD by ANY responsible party.

List of varieties and full particulars for stamp. Correspondence solicited.

Address J. R. OSBORNE, Prop'r.
Lone Star Nursery,
Bethany, Davidson Co., N. C.

Please mention this paper.

HERE I AM AGAIN.

Modesty is a good trait, but the bargains I am offering compel me to speak. I am exhibiting

A GRAND SELECTION OF

Notions, Dry Goods and Groceries,

of high merit, which must all besold very cheap for cash or saleable produce. Come and examine my stock of goods and let me quote prices on same, and then you go to the cheapest store anywhere and do likewise and be convinced that at my store is the identical place to buy at extremely low prices.

Quick Sales and Small Profits,

shall be my motto. Cheap John is not my name and I dare not infringe on his reputation, but I have no objections to claiming kin with him in the name of a Twin Brother, for I am his equal on low prices, and his superior in qualities of nice, fresh first-class tip top number one Goods of nearly all kinds.

Come and see me at once in the village of Waughtown, 2 miles south of Salem, N. C.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN H. SINK.

July 14, 1887.

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY,

SALEM, N. C.

HEALTHFUL LOCATION; BEAUTIful grounds; ample buildings with comfortable study-parlors, sleeping alcoves, bathing rooms; well graded and advanced course of study; special facilities for Music, Art, Languages and Commercial studies; refined home-life with good Christian training; special care of the individual pupil; eighty-three years of continuous experience and more than 6,000 alumnæ. For catalogue, address,

PRINCIPAL, SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY,
Salem, N. C.

1888—EVERY LADY SHOULD TAKE IT—1888

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION

Sketches of Noted Places and People, Splendidly-Illustrated Articles, Tales and Novelets by Famous Authors, Illustrated Hints on the Fashions, Numerous Work-Table Patterns.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money and combines greater merits than any other. Its stories, novelets, etc., are admitted to be the best published. Its contributors are among the most popular authors of America.

A FULL-SIZE DRESS-PATTERN with each number, which alone is worth the price of the colored, and giving the latest Parisian styles of dress. Also, household, cookery, and other receipts, articles on art-embroidery, flower-culture, home-decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

CLUB-PREMIUMS FOR 1888! FINEST EVER OFFERED!

TERMS, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE, $2.00 A YEAR.

2 Copies for $3.50 } With the elegant book "Choice Gems," or a large steel-engraving, "The
3 " " 4.50 } Wreath of Immortelles," as a premium for getting up the club.
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6 " " 9.00 } person getting up the club.
5 Copies for $8.00 } With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1888 and the large steel-
7 " " 10.50 } engraving or the book "Choice Gems" to the person getting up the club.

FOR LARGER CLUBS STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS!

Address, post-paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

A Glorious Holiday with S. H. Barrett

PRESIDENT OF THE AMUSEMENT REPUBLIC!

Amazing and Rapturous Revelations in the Realm of Entertainment!

Two Magnificent, Faultless Exhibitions, Rain or Shine at

WINSTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 10.

Most Positively the Only Tented Show that will visit this Section this Season

BARRETT'S

New United Monster Shows!

3-RING CIRCUS—HUGE THEATRE STAGE—ENORMOUS MENAGERIE
WORLD'S MUSEUM—CLASSIC RACING CARNIVAL AND JO JO!

$2,000,000 Invested for the Public's Delectation! Actual Daily Expenses $3,500.

Notably and Triumphantly Reinforced this Season with the Gild World's Most Startling Human Phenomenon,

JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED RUSSIAN BOY

A DOG'S HEAD ON A BOY'S BODY

A BRIGHT BOY WITH A DOG FACE

THE HUMAN SKYE TERRIER!

A Canine Carved Head—Framed in Fleecy, Shimmering Hair—In his Reality Outstrips Exaggeration, and Dumfounded Science Pronounces Him the Most Wonderful and Inexplicable Mystery of Life!—Not an Insipid Idiot, but a Bright, Alert, Vivacious Being!—Your Only Chance to See Jo-Jo—By Command of the Czar he Returns to St. Petersburg at an Early Day!

AN UNPARALLELED RED LETTER CIRCUS FESTIVAL!

200 Illustrious Champions!——80 Dazzling Acts!

Astounding Displays of Acrobatic, Gymnic and Equestrian Amazements in 3 Separate Star Rings. Scotch Athletes, Russian Skatorial Artists, Arabian Heroes, Japanese Marvels, and a Gigantic Vaudeville Combination in Thrilling and Fascinating Performances on the Grand Theatre Stage!

HISTORICALLY CORRECT REVIVAL OF ANCIENT **Hippodromatic Contests!**

CLASSIC OLYMPIAN GAMES! BROADSWORD COMBATS ON HORSEBACK!

STIRRING PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE "WILD WEST."

3 Times the Most Stupendous Menagerie

EVER GATHERED AND EXHIBITED UNDER TENTS!

Greatest, Grandest, Most Famous and Best Trained Herd of Elephants on American Soil—Including "Bismark" and "Juno," the Biggest Wedded Couple Extant, and the Colossal, All-Overshadowing Central Figures of their race; "Doc" and "Ben Butler," Rollicking Precocious Elephantine Clowns, and the only Baby Elephant on the Continent!

PEERLESS, POETIC, SUMPTUOUS, SPECTACULAR STREET PARADE!

Appearing on the Public Thoroughfares at 10 o'clock Every Morning.

ADMISSION,

To the Entire Combined Shows, as usual. Children under nine years of age, Half Price.

NO EXTRA CHARGE TO SEE JO-JO.

Reserved Cushioned Opera Chairs, with back and foot rests, at the usual slight advance. Two Exhibitions Daily—Doors Open at 1 and 7 P. M.—Performances Begin an hour later. Cheap Round-Trip Excursions on all Railroads.—See Station Agents for Particulars.

GREENSBORO, NOV. 9th. SALISBURY, NOV. 14th.

FALL OF THE YEAR

Fall In Prices.

MANY BOOKS

—AND—

FANCY ARTICLES,

at lower prices than ever before.

—CALL AT—

Blum's Bookstore

AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

THE USUAL VARIETY OF

School Books,

PENS, INK AND PAPER

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BLAIR'S UNEQUALLED PADS.

The celebrated (A. S. P. Co's) American State Pen Co's

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MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

—AND—

FANCY GOODS

FOR PRESENTS.

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH.

Respectfully,

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

October 1887.

VISIT THE CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,

which are now, by odds the largest best conducted and well stocked with the most reliable fruits of any nursery in the State. Contain more reliable acclimated varieties of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Grapes, and all other fruits for orchard and garden planting. We have no competition as to extent of grounds and beautifully grown trees and vines of all desirable ages and sizes. We can and will please you in stock. Your orders solicited.

Prices reasonable.

Descriptive catalogue sent free.

Address, N. W. CRAFT,
SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.

July 14, 1887-6m.

Mme. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS

Are the only ones that will give a perfect fitting garment.

MME. DEMOREST'S System of Dress Cutting.

Chart and Book of full directions, enabling any one to Cut and Fit perfectly.

Price, $3.00. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

MME. DEMOREST'S PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS AND WHAT TO WEAR

(is a large Magazine of 80 pages of Fashion Notes and Styles, illustrated with about 1,000 Cuts. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents.

THE **Demorest Sewing Machine.**

THIS STYLE ONLY

$19.50

Nearly 50,000 sold and giving perfect satisfaction.

Don't pay other companies $40.00 profit on a machine NOT SO GOOD AS THE DEMOREST, but buy direct of the manufacturers. Sent C. O. D.

Write for Circulars.

DEMOREST FASHION AND SEWING MACHINE CO.

17 East 14th Street, New York.

NEWSPAPER Advertising in Sheets furnished at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1887.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

On and after Sunday Nov. 14th, trains leave as follows:

No. 9 Leaves 5.30 a. m. Mail closes 5 a. m.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 leaves 7.20 p.m. Mail closes 6:45 p.m.
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6.15 p. m.

—The following hours will be observed at Salem P. O. for the general delivery of Mail:

Office hours during the week: open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6:15 p. m.
Office hours on Sunday: open from 8 to 9 o'clock a. m.; 12 to 1 p. m.
Mail closes 6:15 a. m. and 6:45 p.m.
T. B DOUTHIT, P. M.

—We notice that more hands are to be put on the Wilkesboro Railroad.

—The colored graded school in Winston will open about Nov. 1st.

—*The Mail* is the title of a newspaper to be published at Walnut Cove.

—J. C. Bessent, tax collector of Winston, was on the wrecked train near Greenville, on last Thursday.

—Cicero Tice has stocked his fishpond with German carp. He is also building a residence near the pond.

—Capt. S. E. Allen has moved his stock of Hardware to the stand formerly occupied by Pfohl & Stockton.

—Call on C. R. WELFARE for the best JEANS in the world at 25 cts.

—Rev. Herman Jacobson, of the Foreign Mail Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., left for his home on Monday evening.

—The goosebone says we will have an open winter and a good wheat year. The coldest weather will be during the first half of January.

—Rev. J. F. McCuiston conducted the protracted meeting at Macedonia, Davie county, which commenced on Sunday last. We fear the bad weather will prevent a large congregation from attending.

—John Brietz, of Fries, Giersh & Senseman's mercantile establishment, drew the handsome set of furniture given away at the late gift show in Winston. P. G. Burgess drew the gold watch.

—Ready Mixed Paints, in small cans, ready for use, at
ASHCRAFT & OWENS,
Druggists, Winston, N. C.

Elm Street Sunday School will give a Miscellaneous Concert, consisting of Music, Dialogues, Recitations, &c., at their chapel on Saturday evening, Nov. 5, in order to obtain funds to increase their library. Public cordially invited to attend. Admission only 25 cts, children 15 cents.

—The farmers are posting their lands against depredations by bird hunters. They complain of broken fences and down-trodden wheat, and prefer the birds on their plantations to help them keep down insects and grubs.

—Another hogshead of that famous genuine Porto Rico molasses for sale at 40 cents. C. R. WELFARE.

—A birthday surprise was given Mrs. Sarah Ketner, of South Fork township, this county, on the 11th inst. The company numbered 77, one for every year of her age. Rev. Jos. Millet asked a blessing over the bountiful spread, and all enjoyed the occasion.

—Ed. Waggoman and Lee Earnest have just returned from Walnut Cove where they were painting C. R. Welfare's store buildings, report that paying quantities of anthracite coal are being found. Ed. showed us a specimen and it looks all right.

For the week ending the 19th, the revenue collections at the Winston office amounted to $9,211.09.

— Bromine Arsenic Water of Ashe County, N. C., is for sale by
ASHCRAFT & OWENS,
Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—Capt. S. E. Allen, the enterprising hardware man of Winston, offered one of his Boss plows as a premium to the man who would exhibit at the Bershavia Fair the largest beet raised in Forsyth county. A Mr. Speas got the plow and Capt. Allen got the beets, which he now has on exhibition at his store. Two of the beets measure 21½ inches in circumference. They are very fine.—*Daily.*

—OYSTER SUPPER.—A supper will be given at the Belo House, for the benefit of Oak Grove Sunday School, on Saturday night, Oct. 29.

Oysters, Coffee, Cakes, Ice Cream, and other delicacies will be served. Go and get a good supper, and at the same time help a good cause.

—A man may spend hundreds of dollars in a lottery and never draw a prize; but for 15 cents you can get a half-gallon of good Catalian molasses every time at
C. R. WELPARE'S

—The Danbury *Reporter* says that Mr. McRae, who is mining for silver south of the mountain, a few miles west from Danbury, was in town last week and says that he has gone down fifty feet on one vein, which is two feet wide, and that some of the ore as tested by a Washington City Chemist, assays fifty-two per cent. silver.

— Knickerbocker Shoulder Braces are the best. For sale by
ASHCRAFT & OWENS,
Druggists, Winston, N. C.

When Dr. Rondthaler announced on Sunday morning last, that ten years had elapsed since his ministrations in this (Salem) congregation had commenced, it was almost a surprise to many of his hearers. In the year 1877, just after the Centennial of our Independence, he came among us, and now in the centennial year of our constitutional existence, he reviews the past, a decade of steady spiritual and temporal progress. In reviewing his work, he stated that when he took charge of this congregation there was a membership of 400, including all the Moravians in Salem proper. The Sunday School numbered 314, with 43 teachers and officers. Since then the Elm Street, East Salem and Centreville Chapels have been built, all as branches from the old church tree.

The Salem congregation now numbers 688 members, 943 Sunday School Scholars and 81 Teachers and Officers. This is certainly quite an encouraging showing, exhibiting a steady increase. We congratulate Dr. Rondthaler on the result of his labors in the church and our educational institutions, and wish him health and strength to continue his labors in our midst for many years.

On Sunday evening Dr. Rondthaler again alluded to his ten years' service, and announced that a prayer meeting would be held in the chapel directly after the close of the services. This meeting was prompted by frequent and noticeable emotion in the congregation, during the sermons for some time past, and by personal requests for prayer, some of them by strangers to him. This meeting was well attended and much good may result therefrom.

Monday evenings have been set apart by the pastor for those who wish to consult and seek spiritual advice and encouragement.

In connection with this subject, a friend has drawn our attention to the encouraging spiritual condition throughout the Southern Province. More lay members than ever before are earnestly and directly helping in the church work. The organization of the three new country churches is the result of steady, earnest and practical Sunday School work, inaugurated principally by lay members, under the earnest encouragement of Rev. C. L. Rights, Rev. R. P. Lineback, Rev. James Hall, Rev. John F. McCuiston, and Licentiates Samuel Woosly, E. Weisner, E. Fishel and others, prominent among whom is the Superintendent of the Moravian Sunday Schools of the Southern Province, James T. Lineback.

The Provincial Synod, which assembles on November 1st, will no doubt feel greatly encouraged by this increased activity in the Province.

Messrs. Hinshaw and Medearis

Have opened the largest General Stock of Goods ever offered before. Bargains in every department. Go and see. Advertisement next week.

—It is said that salt and charcoal is good for the teeth. Good 125 lbs. seamless sacks of salt for sale, 75 cts., at C. R. WELFARE'S.

Waughtown Items.

R. L. Burton moved to Thomasville —Charles Lybass will move to Lewisville soon.—Samuel J. Nissen closed his Tobacco Factory on the 21st inst.—Jacob L. Newsom and Miss Maggie Nissen were married on the 20th instant.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.—Mr. W. A. Davis was married to Miss Jane E. Miller on the 6th inst., by J. A. Young, Esq.

Mr. Jesse Green died at his home in Abbott's Creek Township on September 21st. He was born June 10th, 1800.—*Dispatch.*

STOKES COUNTY.—Fall term Superior Court convenes Monday Nov. 14th, Judge J. A. Gilmer presiding There are 85 cases on the civil docket, and 119 on the State docket, to wit: 52 indictments, 9 cases for costs, 16 sci. fas, 31 presentments, 11 warrants.

—50 GALLONS HOME MADE MOLASSES, well filtered, clarified and gravitated and in boiling given the double blubber, just received at
C. R. WELFARE'S.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Oct. 22, 1887:

Ladies.

Mrs. Leah Dore, Miss P. C. Evans, Mrs. Martha A. Moser.

Gentlemen.

Mr. D. F. Bodenhamer, Mr. Will Bodenhamer, Mr. J. S. Daniels, Mr. J. W. Daniels, Mr. Geo. W. Elliott Mr. S. E. W. Henn, Mr. Wm. H. Pratt, Mr. E. H. Robertson, Mr. Jos. J. Swaim, Mr. E. L. Shields, Mr. Alfred Swaim, Mr. A. P. Snider, Mr. Henry Shoaf, Mr. P. P. Snider, Mr. W. Y. and Jacob Swaim, Mr. Levi Smith, Mr. Jacob Sells, Mr Joseph Williard, Mr. David and J. C. Williard, Mr. C. H. Williard.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

—At Quito, the only city in the world on the equator, the sun rises at 9 o'clock, and sets at the same hour in the evening, all the year round.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 21.—This morning a freight train on the Nashville, Chattonooga & St. Louis Railway, collided with a Memphis & Charleston freight train, near Shellmound. Two tramps riding on the M. & C. train were killed, and three others dangerously injured.

FERTILIZER FOR SALE. — The Fertilizer recently seized by the Sheriff and locked up in N. T. Shore's Ware house, Salem, has been unlocked, and is now ready for sale. The undersigned expects to keep on hand at the same place, the same brand, or something superior, as a permanent improver of the soil, and not any of the shoddy stimulants. E. J. HINE.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no payment required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

BARRETT'S CLEVER ELEPHANTS.

Amazing Displays of Intelligence. Two Elephantine Pugilists.

One of the striking attractions of S. H. Barrett's New United Monster Shows, which exhibit in

WINSTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 10,

is the intelligence displayed by the herd of trained elephants. They appear in intricate military drills, perform musical acts, whirl in mazy waltzes, form towering pyramids, and do numerous other amazing feats. This perfection has only been attained after years of hard, unremitting work on the part of the trainer, Professor George Thompson, a most humane and capable gentleman. The two leading elephantine stars are "Bismarck" and "Juno," a male and a female, respectively, of the Asiatic species. They display almost human intelligence in their part of the performances. The jolly trick clown elephants, "Doc" and "Ben Butler," share the stellar honors with their big companions, "Bismarck" and "Juno."

"Doc" and "Ben" are a precious pair. Their antics surpass in humor any of the "business" of their human compeers. They wind up their laughable act with a genuine four-round boxing-bout, in accordance with the rules promulgated by the famous Marquis of Queensberry. A referee, seconds, time-keeper, bottle-holders, and other realistic accessories, are introduced. A glove is attached to the trunk of each animal, and, at the call of "time," they smash away at each other, to the infinite delight of the spectators. A real knock-out contest invariably takes places, unless the police forbid "slugging." In that deplorable event the four legged pugilists spar for "scientific points" only. The admirers of the manly art hereabouts have a rich treat in store for them.

—Paint Brushes, Whitewash Brushes, Blacking Brushes and all other kinds of Brushes, at
ASHCRAFT & OWENS,
Druggists, Winston, N. C.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, and have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own house work. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all diseases and pain."

Try a bottle, only 50c. at Dr. V. O. Thompson's Drug Store, Winston.

GENERAL NEWS.

—An accident occurred on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, yesterday, in West Virgiuia, which resulted in the injury of twenty six passengers.——A gas explosion occurred yesterday morning, in Pittsburg, by which several buildings were wrecked and a number of persons seriously injured.—*Star.*

—It is said that an ingenious Yankee has invented a plan by which shells can be loaded and fired with dynamite just as ordinary powder shells are fired. —— Iron Mountain, a prosperous village in Michigan, has been almost depopulated by typhoid fever. The doctors have never been able to find out the real cause or causes of that terrible scourge.—*Wilmington Star.*

—Mrs. Cleveland was presented by the municipality of Montgomery with an unique and beautiful souvenir that of a silver jewel case in the shape of a bale of cotton.——A fatal collision occurred yesterday morning on the Atlantic Air Line, twelve miles east of Greenville, S. C.; three persons were killed, and a number seriously injured; the collision was caused by a freight train running off schedule time.

—The St. Louis woman who threw a pancake into the lap of Mrs Cleveland, during the visit to that city, has been fined $50 in the police court.

—In the U S. Supreme Court yesterday, the Chief Justice stated that argument would be heard in the Virginia habeas corpus cases the first Monday in November; the prisoners were admitted to bail in their own recognizance. —— Four cases of cholera have been found aboard the steamship Britannia, at New York quarantine, from Marseilles. —— The principal bank of Leipsic, with a capital of nine million marks, has failed in consequence of unlawful speculations.—*Wilmington Star.*

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 19.—A horrible case of deliberate attempt at wife murder occurred at Dayton, near this city, last night. A man named McAllister, an accident insurance agent, went into his wife's room at the Green Aotel, and opening her mouth discharged a Smith & Wesson pistol into it, the bullet penetrating the roof of his mouth and lodging in the left eye. The unfortunate woman was in a delicate condition, which had exasperated her husband, who bears a most unsavory reputation in this section. McAllister was arrested and jailed and there is talk of lynching him. The murderer, after being placed in jail, said that it was his intention to to kill his two children and then himself, but he was taken before he could accomplish this. At last accounts the woman was not dead, but she cannot live.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 22.—It is reported in this city that the Alpha Oil Company, the young rival of the Standard Oil Company, has assigned. Its capital, with that of the branch institution, was $6,000,000.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The marine hospital bureau is informed that there have been 150 cases of yellow fever at Tampa up to date, and 25 deaths.

—A negress, 28 years old, of Somerset county, N. J., is a grandmother. She was a mother at 13, and her deughter married at the same age.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen the roots to original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth, that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured. —J. M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

About three thousand miners are out on a strike in Indiana, and a coal famine is apprehended. The men claim to be poorly paid and will stay out until their demands are complied with.

WICHITA, Kansas, Oct. 22.—Gov. Martin has commuted the punishment of J. T. Stewart, the young man sentenced to 17 years in the penitentiary and fined $20,000 for selling beer. The sentence is commuted to six months imprisonment and $600 fine.

READING, Pa., Oct. 22.—A snow storm prevailed in the northern section of this county this morning, being the second fall of snow in this vicinity in the last 25 hours. At Tobyhanna, Pa., the entire Pocono range was covered to the depth of several inches, the thermometer registering 20 degrees above zero.

—At a woman suffrage meeting in New York last week opinions were read from five eminent judges, including those who have been chief justices of as many States, endorsing the claim that women are legally entitled to vote.

—A man died in New Hampshire the other day, who had not been away from home for 43 years.

A Gift For All.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of Throat, Chest, or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dr. V. O Thompson's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle Free, Large Bottles $1.

MARRIED.

On the 19th inst., at Trinity College, Mr. Robbins to Miss Minnie Edwards.

In Salisbury on the 18th inst., James Hodgin, of Winston, to Miss Daisy Meroney, of Salisbury.

In Davie county, W. W. Griffin to Miss Ida Miller.

At the home of the bride's father, near Old Town, this county, Parmania Ledford to Miss May C Sapp, W. J. Pearce, J. P., officiating.

In Greensboro, Tuesday last, Walter White, formerly of Winston, to Miss Barkley, of Statesville.

DIED.

In Winston, on the 19th inst., Miss Isabella Warner, aged 20 years.

Near New Philadelphia, in this county, on Sunday last, Minnie Susan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rothrock, aged about 4 years.

In this county of diphtheria, a little daughter of John Johnson.

Of diphtheria, a little daughter of John Lashmit.

Near Walkertown, a daughter of Jas. Wood.

In this place, on Monday last, Mrs. Eudy, at an advanced age.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE undersigned, Administrator of Jos. H. Miller, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

Thursday, the 10th day of Nov. 1887,

and from day to day the following personal property belonging to said estate, viz:

An 8-Horse Engine, 1 Iron Lathe, 1 Wood Lathe, 1 Wood Planer, Foundry outfit complete, Miller Horse-power Patterns, Walker Saw-Mill Patterns, Shelton Old Patterns, and various other Patterns, Black Smith Tools, Saw-Mill Irons, 1 Corn Mill, 1 Threshing Machine, a lot of Wheat, 1 Cane-Mill and many other articles.

Terms Cash.

I again give notice that creditors must present their claims to me duly authenticated, on or before the 1st of January, 1888.

K. D. SNIDER, *Adm'r.*
Oct. 7th, 1887—1t.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates. It clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 30th, 1884:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has also been beneficial to my children."

MRS. LOUISA C. BRAGDON, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

SALE OF A HOUSE AND LOT NEAR SALEM.

BY order of the Superior Court of Forsyth county, I will sell at auction, at the Court house door, in Winston, on the

5th DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT,

a small house and lot on the Lexington road, adjoining the lands of the undersigned, Henry Reynolds and others. Sale at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

A credit of 6 months will be given, and bond with approved security will be required from the purchaser, drawing 8 per cent. interest from date.

SAMUEL RATLIFF,
Administrator and Commissioner.
Oct. 6th, 1887—4w.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING duly qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late J. M. Charles all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified to present them duly verified to the undersigned, on or before the 6th day of October, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

And all persons indebted to the estate will please make prompt settlement.

J. P. CHARLES, *Adm'r.*
Oct. 6th, 1887—6w.

MORTGAGE SALE OF LANDS

BY virtue of a mortgage deed executed to my testator, by H. C. Hedgecock and wife, I will sell at auction for ready money, at the Court-House door in Winston, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

Saturday, 29th Day of October, 1887,

a certain tract of land containing

163 ACRES,

more or less, lying in Forsyth county, on the waters of Abbott's Creek, being the land on which said H. C. Hedgecock resides. For more certainty of description see the boundaries thereof, in the mortgage deed registered in Book 1, page 321, &c., in Register's office of said county.

ELLEN STARBUCK,
Executrix of D. H. Starbuck, dec'd.
By A. H. ELLER, Ag. nt.
Sept 29, 1887—5t.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby forbidden to hunt with gun, dog or net, or to cut down or remove any timber on the land of undersigned in Broadbay Township, bounded on the West by the lands of Noah Hine and David Shoaf, on the South by the lands of Lewis and Rebecca Wilson, on the East by the lands of John H. Hege and Pinkney Snider, on the North by the land of widow Charles and Noah Hine. The intruder will be prosecuted according to law.

S. A. HEGE.
Sept 27th, 1887.

SEED WHEAT! SEED WHEAT!

Call and examine selected Home grown and Baltimore SEED WHEAT.
For sale by
F. & H. FRIES.
Salem, N. C., Sept. 29, 1887—1m.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY virtue of a Mortgage Deed executed to me by the late J. T. Matthews and wife, I will sell at public auction at the court-house door in Winston, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1887,

a lot lying beyond the Salem Bridge, bounded as follows: East by Waughtown road, North by Salisbury and Lexington road, West by Main Street, South by Mrs. Matthews' lot. For further particulars see book 2, page 247, Register's office, Winston, N. C.

WM. SNIDER,
Mortgagee.
Sept. 29, 1887—6t.

LAND SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, we will sell

97½ ACRES

of land (more or less), lying on the waters of South Fork of Muddy Creek, adjoining the lands of Samuel Woosley, T. Spaugh and others.

Sale to take place at the old Jesse Mock homestead on

Saturday October 22, 1887, 12 o'clock.

TERMS: One-third cash; balance in six months. Those wishing a good farm had better attend said sale.

A. B. MOCK,
E. M. WEISNER, } *Executors of Jesse Mock, dec'd*
Sept. 17, 1887.

THE WILMINGTON STAR,

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Attention is called to the following reduced rates of subscription, cash in advance.

The Daily Star.

One Year,	$6 00
Six Months,	3 00
Three Months,	1 50
One Month,	50

THE WEEKLY STAR.

One Year,	$1 00
Six Months,	60
Three Months,	30

Our telegraphic News service has recently been largely increased, and it is our determination to keep the STAR up to the highest standard of newspaper excellence.

Address,
WM. H. BERNARD,
Wilmington, N. C.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,
Agents for Mail Contractors,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WAGON FOR SALE. —A good *track-out* Wagon and Hand Cart for sale. Enquire of
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

ESTABLISHED 1846. MUNN & CO.'S PATENTS. NEW YORK.

After Forty years' experience in the preparation of more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and Foreign countries, the publishers of the Scientific American continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Their experience is unequaled and their facilities are unsurpassed.

Drawings and specifications prepared and filed in the Patent Office on short notice. Terms very reasonable. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.00 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. It contains the names of all patentees and titles of every invention patented each week. Try it four months for one dollar. Sold by all newsdealers.

If you have an invention to patent write to Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 361 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

Notice to Creditors.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Cox, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against the estate of said intestate, to present the same to me for payment on or before the 10th day of August, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

SAMUEL RATLIFF, *Adm'r*
of Henry Cox, deceased.
This August the 9th, 1887—6w.

NORTH CAROLINA, FORSYTH COUNTY. } In the Superior Court.

Samuel Ratliff, Administrator of Henry Cox, deceased, plaintiff,
against
Frank Kiser, and others defendants.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, Frank Kiser, Virgil Kiser, Milly Shore and her husband, Wesley Shore, are not residents of this State: Therefore ordered, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in Salem, in said county, notifying said non-resident defendants to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county on the 6th day of October, 1887, and answer or demur to the complaint filed in the office, demanding a sale of the lands of Henry Cox, deceased, for assets to pay his debts and charges of administration, or judgment will be rendered against them for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness, C. S. Hauser, clerk of said court, at office in Winston, N. C.
C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.
August 24 1887—6w.

ATTENTION TAX PAYERS.

I am now ready to receive the Corporation taxes. The levy for this year is 40 cents on the $100, $1.20 on the Poll, and $2 Road tax. Please call and pay, the money is needed to pay for street work already done. L. N. CLINARD,
Sept. 26, 1887. Collector.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of the estate of Rebecca Stauber, deceased, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned for payment, on or before the 31st of July, 1888, duly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

All persons owing said estate are requested to make payment at once.

A. S. T. LINEBACK, *Adm'r,*
of Rebecca Stauber, dec'd.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$0 70 to 0 90
Corn, per bushel,	70 to 75
Oats, " "	00 to 35
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 00 to 2 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 70
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 00
Beans (col'd,) " "	00 to 1 00
Beans, (white)" "	1 00 to 1 25
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	07 to 08
" Hams,	12 to 15
Green Apples, per bushel	0 50 to 0 00
Eggs,	12 to 15
Butter, per pound,	12 to 20
Tallow, " "	3 to 04
Beeswax, " "	00 to 18
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 0 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 08
Chickens,	13 to 20
Hay	40 to 45

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs.—Common, sound,	$ 2.50 to $ 4.00
" Medium,	5.50 to 8 00
" Good,	7.00 to 9.00
" Fine,	10.00 to 13.00
Leaf.—Common,	4.00 to 6.00
" Medium,	7.00 to 8.50
" Good,	10.00 to 12.00
Cutters.—Good,	22.00 to 27.00
" Fine,	30.00 to 35.00
Wrappers.—Common	15.00 to 20.00
" Medium,	25.00 to 35.00
" Good,	25.00 to 38.00
" Fine.	50.00 to 70.00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries,	15 cents.
Blackberries,	8 "
Raspberries,	15 "
Whortleberries,	6½ "
Damson Plums,	5 "
½ Unpeeled Peaches,	6 "
½ Unpeeled Peaches,	4 "
Bright Peeled Peaches,	8 "
Fancy Peeled Peaches,	12 "
Ex. Fancy Peeled Peaches,	15 "
½ Apples,	3 to 4 "
Bright Sliced Apples,	4 "
Fancy Sliced Apples,	5 "
Ex. Fancy Sliced Apples,	6 "

CHOICE BOOKS.

Ben Hur, Fair God, Jess, Hornet's Nest, Miss Churchill Silence of Dean Maitland, Earnest Trifler, Lamplighter, Scudder's Stories and Romances, Burglars in Paradise.

Facsimile editions of
Herbert Temple, 1633,
The Complete Angler, 1653,
Pilgrim's Progress, 1678.

The above are quaint volumes and a typographical curiosity.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GEMS.

Inkstands, Jewel Boxes, Scarf Pins and Mineral Cabinets.

Curious and valuable.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF
BLAIR'S STATIONERY
for Schools and Correspondence at Manufacturers' Prices.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

—Just received at the Salem Bookstore Irish Linen note paper in boxes with envelopes, Pele Mele or decorated note paper and envelopes, Novels, Poems, Ready Reckoners, &c., cheaper than ever.

Commercial College of KY. UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY.
Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.
Highest Jacques and Gold Medals and all other Callmer at World's Fairs for System of Book-Keeping and General Business Education. 3000 Graduates in Business. Leaders employed. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Stationery and Board, about $40. Short-hand, Type-Writing & Telegraphy, free. No Vacations. Enter Now. Circulars and Specimens Writing sent Free. For circulars address H. B. BRYANT, Pres., Lexington, Ky.

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enfeebled minds and nervous brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to the sex, will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Clears complexion, gives healthy complexion. All other medicines only add to its popularity. Do not be deceived—ORIGINAL AND BEST. DR. HARTER'S IRON PILLS Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Complaint and Sick Headache. Range of action wonderful. Pamphlet and Testimonial Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

ATTENTION! FARMERS!!

Believing it to be to the interest of all parties, we have decided to conduct our fertilizer business in the future on

THE CASH SYSTEM,

and we will sell this fall the

Star Brand Wheat Guano

AT $27.50 PER TON or $2.75 PER SACK OF 200 lbs.

It will be in good condition for drilling, and its

High Standard will be maintained.

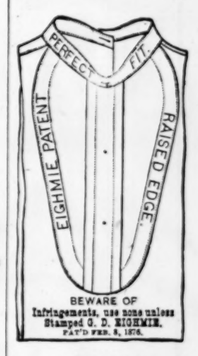
Special prices on solid Car load lots.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS.

Winston, N. C., August 4, 1887—tf.

"EIGHMIE" PATENT SHIRT.



PATENT BOSOM.

FINE DRESS SHIRT.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRY THEM ONCE

and you will use no other.

10,000,000 NOW IN USE.

SOLD ONLY AT THE

EIGHMIE SHIRT AGENCY.

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN,
SALEM, N. C.

June 9, 1887—tf.

HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS. Clipper and F. F. PLOWS. Hoes, Traces, Hames, &c.

MACHINERY of all kinds. ENGINES & BOILERS. Mill Supplies, Belting and Oils. Corn and Flour Mills.

HARNESS of all styles. Manufactured by us and Guaranteed 1st CLASS. Patent Riveted Collars.

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

March 25—6m.

W. P. ORMSBY,

Would inform his friends and the public that, in addition to his old stand in Salem, he is now running a store and office in

WINSTON, N. C., LIBERTY BLOCK,

WHERE ALL FIRST-CLASS

ORGANS, PIANOS & MUSICAL GOODS,

can be procurred at lowest possible terms. Also the famous

Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN

W. P. ORMSBY,

SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE AND DOMESTIC MACHINE OFFICE, LIBERTY BLOCK, OPPOSITE FARMER'S WAREHOUSE.

Pianos Kendall musical instruments and Sewing Machines repaired or exchang

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JUST RECEIVED a full line of Toile Du Nord Ginghams, Windson Fancies and Simpson's prints.
CLINARD & BROOKES.

E. A. GRIFFITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
WINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE OVER CLARK & FORD'S STORE.

Will practice in Superior, Supreme and Federal Courts. Strict attention given to all business, especially to collection of claims.

Will negotiate loans on the best of security. Mar. 4, '86—tf.

NEW BOOKS. — Gretchen, by Mrs. Holmes. Moravian Hymn Books, Gospel Hymns, &c., &c., at Salem Bookstore.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

The Newest Freak in Hats.

The latest freak in women's hats appeared on Twenty-third street Saturday. It was the ordinary white sailor hat trimmed with two or three yards of colored veiling, one end tied around the hat for a band, and the rest streaming down nearly to the ground. The correct way to carry the arrangement is over the shoulder and down in front, as fur boas were worn last winter. When the wind blows it loose it looks as though the woman were unraveling.—*New York Sun.*

The Australian Girl.

The Australian girl is tall and slender. She lacks somewhat in complexion, but generally she is pretty. The Victorian girl is decidedly good-looking. The New Zealand girl has a far better complexion than the Australian girl, and is fresher and more healthy, perhaps, for the climate is milder. She resembles the English girl much more than does the Australian, and her development keeps pace with the former. But Tasmania is said to be the home of beauty, and it certainly seems to have more than its share of fair maidens. It is not at all uncommon for the Melbournian to run across to the little island for the purpose of enjoying a well-earned holiday and "picking up' a wife.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Courtship in France.

This is the way they court in France: One lady says to another: "My daughter is eighteen. She has so much." Every girl has a dowry, if it be but 500 francs ($100). "You have known her from a child. You see so many young men, cannot you think of one to suit her?"

Of course the lady can; for men are as eager in France to marry as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and, of course, the young lady named to him. A party is given, and they meet. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she should like so and so for her husband. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes one evening when the house has been set in order, and everybody dressed in his best. And after the first salutation she rises, and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Mlle. Estelle for M. Achille. Then the mamma on the opposite side of the house accepts the offer. Estelle weeps and throws herself into her future mother's arms, while the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The papas shake hands; the betrothed lovers, released from the maternal arms, mutually bow to each other, and the servants bring in tea. The bridegroom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to mademoiselle, flirts an hour or two with the mother, bows to the daughter and goes off.

The bride elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother's side, to smile, to blush and simper. Then the negotiating lady comes in great state, preceded by an enormous trunk (mamma and the bride receive her, never, of course, heeding the trunk), and presents the bride with a *corbeille*—namely, the wedding dress, veil and wreath, two or three Cashmere shawls, ditto velvet dresses, a set of furs, a set of diamonds, a watch, a fan, a prayer book and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents and the husband. At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world. She receives her visitors and speaks, nay, converses with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of her affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of this *corbeille* are displayed in one room, while the trousseau of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, etc., are here lavished on the personal clothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article, with piles upon piles of table cloths, sheets, towels, etc., all marked with embroidered marks and tied with pink and blue ribbons. Then comes the civil ceremony, and two days after, the last scene of all, at which we have assisted, in the Church of St. Sulpice.—*London Chronicle.*

Fashion Fancies.

Kilts and kiltings are in quite as good estimation as they ever have been.

Many of the new passementeries are mixed with silver, gold and steel.

The steel and silver bead embroideries are very effective on gray, black and blue wraps.

Vests of chamois or buff cloth ornamented with gilt buttons and gold braid are again favored.

Sealskin will continue to be the most fashionable, as well as the most popular, fur for street wear next winter.

The old and graceful fashion of wearing long veils of gauze wound about the head and shoulders is to be revived.

The felt-faced hats—that is, felt hats with one color on the outside and another underneath the brim—are again to be worn.

Muffs will be very small this winter and will oftener be made of the dress material, trimmed with fur, than of fur entirely.

The excessively ugly aniline colors, once known as Solferina and Magenta, are to be fashionable again under new names.

Blouse fronts are so popular that they will continue to be used all winter in plush, sealskin and astrakhan on plain corsages.

Beautiful sleeveless waists are made entirely of passementeries. There are plain black and white ones, and both black and white mixed with gold or silver.

Lace appliques will be used on woolen dresses. A mixture of bronze green and rose in pale shadings is used for trimming tight-fitting jackets, the waists opening over surah.

An especially noticeable feature of the season is the plaited, gathered or otherwise decorative fronts of basques which accompany kilted skirts or skirts that have plaited draperies.

A noticeable feature in new millinery is that while bonnets and hats are full trimmed they are not loaded down with unnecessary ornamentation that is neither comfortable nor becoming.

Sardines.

There are two kinds known—the summer sardine, which is caught from June to October, and the sardine de derive, which is larger and is called the pilchard by the English. The first is the sardine of commerce and of the gourmets. The latter is supposed to be the same fish, but older. The first enters the bays and shallow waters. The other seems to be making its way, with the mackerel, to cold northern latitudes to spawn, though those caught as far north as the island of Glenan, off the coast of Scotland, have their eggs still immature. Sometimes successive swarms of sardines of different sizes visit the coast of Brittany successively, and in turn disappear, having probably returned to their deep sea homes. At other times they enter certain bays and remain all summer, seemingly without fear and constantly increasing in size. Changes in the temperature of the water are presumed to have much to do with their migrations, and perhaps the question of food, though in this respect they seem to have no special preference.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

At least 10,000 preserved hummingbirds are now embraced in the collection in the British Museum. The finest collection on this side of the Atlantic, containing about 2,000 specimens, has been presented by Mr. D. G. Elliot to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Flour is like butter, it absorbs smells readily. It should not be kept in a place where there are onions, fish, decaying vegetables, or other odorous substances, or in a damp room or cellar. Keep it in a cool, dry, airy room, not exposed to a freezing temperature, nor to one above seventy degrees, and always sift before using.

A recent observer of sunflowers attributes their antimalarial action to their obsorption of water from the soil, as well as to their accredited properties of absorbing malarial germs, and emitting much oxygen. During June, 1885, a quarter of an acre of sunflowers exhaled in the form of vapor an average of sixty-five gallons of water daily.

The most sensitive instrument yet made for measuring degrees of heat has recently been exhibited at a *soiree* of the English Royal Society by Mr. C. V. Boys, who calls it the "radiomicrometer." Mr. Boys is able to produce a visible effect of heat on a half-penny held at a distance of more than 1,000 feet from an ordinary candle flame.

Cotton, according to a scientific authority, is not a fibre, but a plant hair. It holds to be spun into a thread because of peculiar twists in each hair, shown under the microscope, especially in polarized light. Linen thread may be spun, because the flax fibres have certain roughnesses on their surfaces, which enable them to cling together. Hence it is impossible to make as fine linen as cotton cloth, but it is much stronger.

Mr. Erie Bruce, who has worked out the idea of signaling at night by a captive balloon lighted inside by electric incandescent lamps, has just completed one for the Belgian government. The signaling is effected by cutting off and letting on the current feeding the lamps by means of a key like that used in telegraphy. Mr. Bruce's latest balloon is fifteen feet in diameter and 2,000 cubic feet in capacity. It is made of varnished cambric and is translucent. Six Edison and Swan lamps of eight and ten-candle power are mounted inside.

M. Alphonse de Candolle believes he has established as certain, by his researches into the heredity of the eyes, the fact that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men; that where both parents have eyes of the same color the chances are eighty-eight to twelve that the children will have, at ten years of age, eyes of the same color; and that where the parents have eyes of different colors the chances are fifty five to forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray for the children. He also thinks it probable that persons of the brown type are more likely to be healthy than the blonde.

Russian archæologists, who are under the patronage of the Czar, are working throughout the empire or wherever the imperial army open up new fields. They have done much during the past decade to illuminate dark blanks in Byzantine and earlier records. One of the most interesting of their discoveries is just announced. At Tashkend have been recently found extensive Greek remains, chiefly terra-cotta vases, silver-gilt ornaments, and small statuettes, all purely Hellenic, and obviously bespeaking a common domestic use. This discovery shows that the frontiers of the Greek kingdom in Bactria must have extended many hundred miles further north-east than has heretofore been supposed. Probably it is the beginning of a series of developments giving to Central Asia an entirely novel archæological interest.

Life at Libby Prison.

In those boxes received through the lines, says an old soldier in the *Alta California*, were many things besides eatables; different kinds of musical instruments, enough to comprise a full band, were sent to different ones, so we had a fine one, which discoursed sweet music. We had a first-class minstrel company, also a dramatic company of no mean dimensions. They were so proficient that many times the Confederate officers would attend, and every night the streets of Richmond were crowded with people who came to listen to our band. We also gave large and select hops, made so because there were no ladies present. Our minstrel show took immensely, and one was forced to go at three or four P. M., in order to get in. What little we had to cook was done in one large room. One end was used by Chickamauga and the other by officers of the Potomac army. We used little tin cans to boil our rice in, and would raise up the lids of the stove a little, so that the flames would shoot up; then you could see some fifty or sixty little cans all over the stove, their owners standing around, eagerly watching their staff of life as it boiled. We easily detected a new can. Sometimes officers from the Potomac end of the room, their stoves being full, would sneak a can on ours. We would knock it clean across the room. You may think this unkind, but had we infringed on their stove, they would have done the same thing.

A High Cliff on the Maine Coast.

There is a perpendicular cliff on the Westport shore in the Sasanoa river, Lincoln county, Me., rising more than a hundred feet above the surface of the water.

Here, as early as 1676, one Daggêt, an Indian trader, used to moor his sloop beneath the precipitous wall, and carry on trade with the Indians on its summit, they lowering down their furs to him in his boat and hoisting up his goods in return. Protected from sudden assaults by this towering cliffside he called it his castle, and painted high up on its surface a hand as a sign of amity. On the face of this cliff there is the figure of an Indian, with a bow, produced by natural stains in the rock. The resemblance to a human figure is very striking. When the British came up in 1814 to lay Wiscasset under contribution they reported this rock to be "as high as St. Paul's steeple and alive with militia-men.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

An Afghan Execution.

The *Pioneer* newspaper gives an account of the execution of Taimur Shah, the ring-leader of the recent Herat mutiny. Taimur was taken to a public place, and there, after his beard had been plucked out, was stoned to death by the chief officers of the army, Parwana Khan, as Kotwal of the city, casting the first stone. It is stated that Taimur, who was a man of exceptionally powerful build, did not die at once, though stones were piled upon him in a large heap. Two days later the sentry on duty saw a movement among the stones, and, stooping, he heard Taimur say: "Oh! creature of God, come, kill me, that I may be released from this torment." This being reported to the Amir, he ordered Taimur to be killed outright.

Of Vital Import.

"I love you, dear," he softly said—
"My pa is in the leather trade,"
(She turned away her golden head);
"In fact my fortune's nearly made."

"Retail or wholesale?" murmured she.
"'Tis well to be precise, you know.
I give my heart, my life to thee,
If it be wholesale—is it so?"

"It is, of course," the youth replied,
And clasped her to his fervent breast.
"Then I'm thy own," she faintly sighed,
"My fate with thine shall ever rest."
—*Drake's Magazine.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Whatever your dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Ability involves responsibility. Power, to its last particle, is duty.

An effort made for the happiness of others, lifts us above ourselves.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning.

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling enemy.

Those who can look with dry and undispleased eyes on another's sin, never truly mourned for their own.

Whilst you are prosperous you can number many friends; but when the storm comes you are left alone.

Self control lies at the foundation of character. He that does not control himself must be controlled by others.

The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.

Be what thou singly art, and personate only thyself. Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man.

A good man always profits by his endeavor; yea, when he is absent; nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory.

Advice should be like a gentle fall of snow, and not like a driving storm of hail. It should descend softly, and not be uttered hastily.

Many a man thinks admirably who has a poor utterance, while others have a charming manner of speech, but their thoughts are trifling.

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above ridicule is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

Faction is the excess and abuse of party; it begins when the first idea of private interest preferred to public good gets footing in the heart. It is always dangerous, yet always contemptible.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement, that creeps in with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Poisons of Java.

Java and the Archipelago generally are the centre of poisons, animal and vegetable. The poison of the sumpitan, or blow-tube dart, is very real. The Bataks, that singular race inhabiting central Sumatra, and the only known people who combine cannibalism with civilization enough for a written alphabetical language, are very skillful in its use. They obtain it from two sources—one the upas tree and the other an allied species called the "ringus." The juice of this latter is most virulent, and burns the skin like boiling oil. I have many a time seen coolies brought in howling dismally, with heads and faces swollen to pantomimic size from having incautiously struck an axe into the "ringus." The only way to attack it is for the woodmen to give themselves a thorough coating of grease, and even then the risk to the eyes is so great that it is generally allowed to stand. The upas poison, however, requires to be used quite fresh, as a few hours' exposure to the air converts it to a crumbly black rosin, quite harmless. Another poison is obtained from a species of vine, bearing clusters of bright fruit, the size of a cricket ball, containing a number of seeds in an intensely bitter pulp. The effects of this are very rapid. I have seen the Balak creep up, sumpitan in hand, to where a troop of gibbons were yelling their noisy chorus from a lofty tree top, and scarcely half a minute elapsed between the dispatch of the missile and the crashing fall of the struck ape. Even the gigantic and formidable species of the ourang-outang, which haunts the forests of the east coast, falls paralyzed by two or three of these tiny darts. One of the most famous poisons of Java is obtained from the bamboo. The young shoots of the cane, when they first appear, are covered with fine, brownish hair; this, under a powerful microscope, appears as bayonet-like spikes of silex, infinitely sharp, and I think hollow, though I could not be quite sure. This hair, administered daily in small quantities in the food, brings on ulceration of the bowels, simulating malignant dysentery. The action must be of a mechanical, rather than chemical, nature, just as with the terrible effect on the eyes of the spores of the common puffball. It is greatly dreaded by the Dutch and Europeans living in Java. A Dutch official told me that scores of deaths among European planters, etc., put down to dysentery and diarrhœa, were really due to the bamboo hair and the jealousy of the native women—*English Mechanic.*

Fruit Gardens of the Sahara.

It is well known that the Sahara is not everywhere synonymous with desert, and that region, despite the dryness of its climate and the general aridity of its surface, possesses many a well-cultivated and thickly inhabited oases, where the combination of the two elements of sun and water has produced marvels in the way of vegetation. The Lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and at times there is a superabundance; but the number of cultivated tracts is increasing very rapidly, there being no fewer than forty-three oases in the Oued-Rir, which, after a period of thirty years, has 13,000 inhabitants, 520 palm trees in full bearing—that is, which have been planted more than seven years—120,000 trees between one and seven years old, and 100,000 fruit trees, while the value of the dates grown each year averages £100,000. The oases of Laghouat and Oued-Mizi and those of Yeryville and Ain-Sana have 100,000 palm trees, and those of Figuig 140,000, while Mzab, with its 30,000 inhabitants, nearly all shepherds or merchants, cultivates 200,000. Zab, together with the Sahara slope of the Auees, has fifty oases, which grow 900,000 palm trees and 500,000 fruit trees. Sout, with a population of 15,000, has 150,000 palm trees of the choicest kind and over 50,000 fruit trees. Lastly, the various oases of Ouargla have over 400,000 palm trees and 100,000 fruit trees. All these results, to say nothing of the trade in wool, the cultivation of tobacco, vegetables, corn, the vine, and other things grown beneath the shelter of the palm trees, and of the raising of ostriches, which, it is considered, might be made as profitable as it is at the Cape, have been arrived at partly by the natives and partly by the French, though the latter had not begun to colonize Sahara until within the last ten years. They began by buying oases and gardens in the Zab and the Oued-Rir, and after that they set to work to form fresh oases in the region of Bishra, and especially in the Ouad-Rir.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Effective Inspiration.

Honest John Blank was for several years the well-known Governor of a New England State. Governor John had a brother William, perhaps equally honest, though less well known, who was a sportsman, and somewhat given to the cheering cup. On one of his shooting excursions William and a boon companion found that their horse did not trot quite rapidly enough to correspond with their exhilarated notions of the proper speed, and the companion fired a charge of bird shot into the animal to encourage him. The horse dashed wildly off, the buggy rocking, hats and parcels flying in all directions, and William, ruler of the storm, shouted with delight:

"Shoot 'im ag'in! shoot 'im ag'in! He goes admirably."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper.*

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Yellows in Peaches.

The disease of peaches known as yellows is due to a parasitic fungus which infects the whole tree. It is not in the leaves only, but in the stem, and the parasite seems to enter the tree by the roots. It has been known to affect a tree through diseased twigs buried near the roots, and it spreads through an orchard from centres where the disease begins. But it is not known to attack trees where the soil is furnished with an abundance of potash and lime. Where the soil is well supplied naturally with these materials the yellows is not known, as is the case in parts of Tennessee and the mountain region of the South, where very old orchards are found and scattered wild trees of very large size. The remedy is plain. Before planting a peach orchard the land should be well prepared by plowing, harrowing and liberal manuring, with a dressing of lime and wood ashes, and the orchard afterward should be regularly manured and supplied with abundant food. If this were done the peach would be a longer lived tree than it is in the existing orchards, which are rarely cultivated or manured.—*New York Times.*

Advice on Killing Weeds.

The following advice and suggestions are given in the Agricultural Department report:

Plants cannot live indefinitely deprived of their leaves. Hence preventing their appearance above the surface will kill them sooner or later.

Plants have greater need for their leaves, and can be more easily killed in the growing season than when partially dormant.

Cultivation in a dry time is most injurious to weeds and beneficial to crops.

Avoid the introduction of weeds in manure or litter or from weedy surroundings. Some gardeners use no stable manure on grounds they desire to keep especially clean, relying on commercial fertilizers and the ploughing under of green crops.

After a summer crop has ripened, instead of allowing the land to grow up to weeds, it is often well to sow rye or some other crop to cover the ground and keep them down.

Give every part of the farm clean cultivation every few years, either with a hoed crop, or, if necessary, with a fallow.

It is often stated that cutting weeds while in flower will kill them. This is only reliable with biennials, and with them only when done so late that much of the seed will grow.

If the ground is kept well occupied with other crops weeds will give much less trouble. Keep meadows and roadsides well seeded and plough-land cultivated, except when shaded by crops.

Top-Dressing Grass Land.

O. S. Bliss, a Vermont farmer, says in the the New York *Tribune:* "I believed in the common theory of fall top-dressing, but a little accidental experience opened my eyes to the fact that top-dressing at other seasons is often far more effective. Between the road and the fence across the front of my house-lot is a strip of land 3½ by 40 rods, which, at much labor, I leveled and set in grass—a portion in lawn grasses and the remainder in mowings. Across this a class of people delight in asserting their right to travel during the muddy season, and it is sometimes a good deal cut up. One season when the fall of snow was light it was traveled nearly all winter, and in the spring great ugly ruts were cut the whole length of it, and the prospect for grass seemed very poor indeed. When the road became settled and travel assumed its normal course, I took a spike-tooth harrow and smoothed it down as well as I could, finishing the job with a prong hoe. I then gave it a light dressing with manure from the shed—a good quality of manure—and re-seeded it. A part of a load of manure left over was also spread, very lightly, over a part of the plot nearer the fence.

"The operation was in every way a success, and I was bountifully repaid for the labor and expense. The season proved dry, and the general grass crop was much shortened, but where that little spring dressing was applied it was full and luxuriant. Of course it was a very small experiment, but it was wonderfully suggestive, and I determined to follow it up. I have not wholly abandoned fall or winter dressing, but I have dressed in spring up to the time when the grass had got a good, large start. The only difficulty experienced in late spring dressing is in getting the manure well spread. When it is carefully and thoroughly spread, so as to leave no lumps, the effect has always been magical in thickening the bottom growth and improving the quality as well as increasing the quantity of the hay. I believe I have in my barn now more that a ton of the finest of hay from the application of four loads of manure after the spring work was done this year. I have never seen so good results from fall as from spring dressing, the same quality and as nearly the same quantity as possible of manure being applied to adjoining portions of the same field."

Farm and Garden Notes.

Look out for borers in the orchard.

A heavy coat of manure will improve next year's asparagus.

Sow rye on ground from which a crop has been already cleared.

Barley and oatmeal are becoming favorite articles of feed for hogs that are raised for home consumption.

The bark louse is reported as increasing in the West. A moisture of soapstone and carbolic acid is a remedy employed.

Plenty of cornmeal and mill feed is being used by dairymen in sections where remunerative prices rule for butter and cheese.

Prepare trees for planting by cutting the tops back in proportion to the amount of injury done to the roots, which is generally from one-half to two-thirds of the entire top. On this pruning all shoots should be entirely cut away that are not needed for the formation of a perfect head, and the others cut back one-half to two-thirds of their length.

Hungarian grass proper has black seed mainly. The millets have yellow seed. Hungarian grass has less head and more stalk and leaf, and is less liable to rust, and hence is a better hay crop and not so good a grain or seed crop. In selecting seed for a hay crop buy of a reliable seedsman, and take that which has the largest possible proportion of black seed.

The deeper the preparation of the soil the deeper will the roots penetrate, thus advancing closer to moisture, as well as permitting of the growth of a large proportion of those rootlets that collect food. If the soil be shallow and the subsoil hard, the roots will spread nearer the surface, thus rendering them not only more liable to being winter-killed, but also to damage from drouth.

The Merry Hunter.

Oh! who so happy as the hunter!
The game laws, like himself, are out.
Up with the sun this bonny morning,
How proudly does he strut about!

A belt of shells, a fine breech-loader,
A brand-new a la sportsman's suit—
He has all these to make him happy,
And money in his purse to boot.

Now if he hunts all day for nothing,
His credit will be just the same;
His money will do more than he can;
It will not fail to *bag the game.*
—*Texas Siftings.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Recipes.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.—Cleanse properly, soak two hours in cold, salted water, and plunge into boiling water. When tender, pour over it a white sauce made of a cupful of milk, thickened with a tablespoonful of flour seasoned with butter and salt.

FROSTING.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, and a piece of butter one-half the size of an egg. Boil ten minutes strong, and beat until thick enough to put on the cake. For chocolate frosting, use one square to the above quantity. For pink frosting, add a little beet juice.

TARTS.—One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of lard, five tablespoonfuls of cold water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, and a little salt. Beat the sugar, eggs, and salt together. Take what flour it needs to make up the quantity and mix with this thoroughly. Melt the lard and butter, add the water, and mix together.

PICKLED APPLES.—One gallon of best vinegar, four pounds of sugar, all the apple (pared and cored) that it will cover well, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves; tie the cinnamon and cloves in a cloth, and put with the apple into the vinegar and sugar. Cook until nearly done, and then cool. Pour the juice off, boil it, and then pour over the apple, and let stand until cool. Repeat this twice, and you will have a very nice pickle.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Quarter the cabbage, wash, lay in a wooden bowl or stone jar, sprinkle thickly with salt, and set in a cool place for twelve hours. Drain off the brine, and throw over it a pickle made by adding to every gallon of vinegar one teacupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, one of whole mustard, a little red-pepper pod, and mace and cloves to taste. Bring the pickle to the boiling point in a porcelain or granitized iron kettle, and pour over the cabbage, which should be packed in a stone jar. It will be ready for use in a month. Add onion, chopped, if desired.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Useful Hints.

Benzine and common clay are used to clean marble.

A pint of watercresses will make salad enough for five persons.

Brine from salted meat should never be spilled upon the ground or floor.

At this season of small insects great care is necessary in looking over vegetables.

A table spoonful of caramel improves both the color and taste of stewed tomatoes.

Ordinary soft lamp-wick knit into convenient squares makes excellent dish-towels.

Baked eggs are sometimes relished by those who find fried ones greasy and indigestible.

Oil or grease may be removed if taken at once by corn meal thickly strewn over the soiled parts.

Tomatoes dipped in bread crumbs and browned in butter are a delicious addition to the dinner.

Cleanliness in the kitchen is conducive to the comfort of the household from the head down to the help.

Kitchen aprons now cover the wearer from her neck to her toe. Two sets of pockets are stitched on the outside.

If the ice-box is kept in the cellar the water caused by the melting of the ice should never be allowed to drip on the floor.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Very thinly cut beefsteaks are preferred by many. They are sprinkled on top with fine herbs and bread crumbs that give to it a new and pleasant flavor.

The composition of an omelette, varied as it is in a hundred ways, needs a great deal of judgment. Salt prevents the eggs from rising, flour or too many herbs will render it leathery or indigestible.

When one is tired of beefsteak in the ordinary way it is very nice smothered with bread crumbs, a little minced onion, a small piece of butter, salt and pepper—spread it on the steak, roll it up and tie with a string, and bake or stew until tender.

An old New England housekeeper says: "To keep moths out of closets, clothes and carpets, take green tansy. It is better before it goes to seed. Put it around the edges of carpets and hang it up in closets where woolen clothes are hung, and no moth will ever come where it is."

A Girl Snake-Catcher.

She lives in Malden; she is seventeen years old, or thereabouts, and she is an ophiologist—that is to say, her specialty is snakes. Very often, in pleasant summer weather, this young girl, with hands clad in high buck gloves, and armed with a bottle of chloroform, lurks about the fens and pools and thickets watching for snakes, a girl fair to look upon, sauntering, one might imagine, with eye upon the ground, in maiden meditation, fancy free. She is in maiden meditation, indeed, but not fancy free, because her fancy is bound to snakes, and she is searching intently for some variety not yet added to her collection of several hundred. Presently she stops; with an eager gleam in her eye she crouches along a step or two, her glove-clad right hand drawn back as if to clutch some object; she springs forward toward the ground with a swift motion, and then stands erect with the body of a snake writhing about her arm in desperate throes. She has it by the neck, and proceeds calmly to thrust its head into the neck of her bottle of chloroform.

Not many days ago this young scientist, after a rather desperate contest, captured in the fells a black snake so large and powerful that when it wrapped itself in the mad grasp of its body about her arm it strained her cords and muscles so severely that she was lame for a week. It did not prevent her, however, from sallying forth again, and when she happened to perceive, at the margin of a pool, a big water-snake of a variety which she had not secured for her collection, she lay in wait for it. As the snake pounced upon a frog she pounced upon the snake; but the reptile was in his element and escaped her. Was she to be baffled in that way? Not at all. She managed to anchor a frog in some way upon a stone at the edge of the pool, at a spot where the bank overhung with bushes. Then she stealthily laid herself flat upon her face under the bushes at the brink of the water, and there she lay in ambush for a long time, while the snake curiously eyed the frog. At last the snake, with sudden resolution, made bold to seize the frog; but as he did so a gloved hand, swifter than his own sinuous motion, darted from the bank, and he was a prisoner, splashing the water of the pool in his vain effort to escape. The girl has one grief—she has not been able to capture, with her own hands, a rattlesnake.—*Boston Transcript.*

Without a Compass.

"When I am in the woods," says old Allen Thompson in *Among the Clouds*, "I never use a compass; in fact I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side; and, third, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost."

How Flower Pots Are Made.

"What becomes of all the flowers in winter?" a florist was asked. The answer was that many of the choicer ones were potted and housed during the winter months. For the manufacture of flower-pots earthen clay is used, of a fine quality, which burns red. The smallest flower-pot made is two inches in diameter, and the largest sixteen. The potter forms his clay into balls of convenient and suitable size. He dips his hands in water, and having placed the lump of clay upon his wheel, he opens it, and deftly draws it up to a gauge so fixed in the shaft of the wheel as to indicate the dimensions of the pot desired. The wheel itself is of solid plank, eighteen inches in diameter. It is set upon a revolving shaft, which is worked by a treadle. This is the only machinery used by potters, and, with the exception of some slight alterations in the treadle, it has remained the same for upward of 3,000 years.

The flower pots are either sun-dried or dried in an oven moderately heated when they are ready for the kiln. Here they are placed in nests and are allowed to remain from a day and a half to two days. If very hard ones are wanted they remain longer in the kiln and the fire is kept at a white heat. Surprisingly few are broken during the process of manufacture or in transportation.

Flower pots range in price from $5 to $100 a thousand, according to their size. There is hardly a dwelling in the city that does not contain one or more flower pots. Even the poorest tenement has a few plants in the window. Many thousands are broken every year and replaced in the fall, and potters are always busy. Vases, urns, and other fancy receptacles for flowers are made in many designs.—*New York Sun.*

A Bear Hunter's Close Call.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon that came within an inch of killing one of my men, a good hunter and first class guide—Charles Huff. He had set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match wood; the bear, evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After a long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow sodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend there was a rush and a roar, and the bear was on him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but, letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hillside, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the debris of springtide—fallen stones and uprooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet.—*Scribner.*

A Doctor's Joke.

The celebrated French physician, Ricord, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Doctor Ricord, in the meantime, had disappeared.—*Argonaut.*

Baldness.

Scientific journals continue to explore from time to time for a universal reason for bald heads, and a writer in one of them has lately declared that men are bald only because they wear stiff and close-fitting hats which compress the blood vessels of the scalp and prevent proper nourishment of the hair roots. It is a theory marked by the weakness which distinguishes the bulk of generalizations. The prophet whom the boys mocked was before stiff hats were in vogue, and men were bald in quarters of the world which the hat of civilization has never invaded. Doubtless some men are made bald by their hats, but all baldness is no more to be charged to them than it is to be charged to the North American Indians.—*The Epoch.*

The Cause of His Hurry.

"Oh, where do you go so fast, young man,
As the figures of 12 on the clock you scant
Now, answer this question as fast as you can,
And tell me what this all means."

"I'm pitching for fish-balls as sure as fate,
Can make but a short stay or I shall be late,
I'm running quite fast to get the home plate,
To get the home plate of beans."
—*Goodall's Sun.*

Good for Hard Workers.

It is fully claimed and pretty well sustained that hard workers can accomplish almost twice as much and save themselves from illness and loss of time if they take eight cents' worth per day of the extract of the Moxie Nerve Food Plant, now creating so much discussion. The dealers say its sale is the largest ever known. If a nervous woman gets hold of a bottle she gets the whole neighborhood to talking about it, and a woman's curiosity has to be gratified if it costs the price of a bonnet.

LOUIS BOYDEN, who recently died at Worcester, Mass., at the age of eighty-five, had been blind for eighteen years, and in that time his sense of touch had developed in a marvelous manner. He could tell the denomination of a bill by feeling it, and he planted, weeded and cared for his large garden entirely by himself.

Life in the Paris Sewers

is possible, for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a *living sewer.* But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

IN London, with all its numerous interests, with nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants and nearly 700,000 houses, there is no delivery of letters on the Sabbath. The same thing may be said of more than 4,000 country districts in Great Britain.

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion due,
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical system was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

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In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to H. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

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GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Fettit's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

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"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else."—A. A. RIKER, Albany St., Utica, N. Y.

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